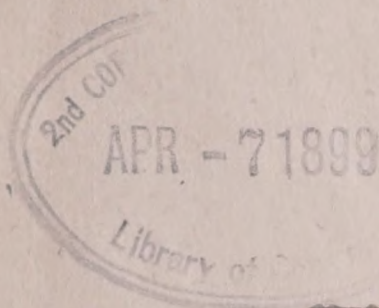


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PREFACE

The problem "to be, or not to be" has seldom hung so long and so indeterminately over a volume as over this story. It was originally published twenty years ago serially in *The School Bulletin* as a sequel to *Roderick Hume*, and the first hundred pages in book form were printed at that time. It had not proved satisfactory to the author, however, and it was withdrawn for a time in the hope that he would find time to re-write some parts of it. This has never been done, and the interval is now so long that any changes he might make would probably be like putting new wine into old bottles; so it is thought best to publish the story if at all in the form in which it first appeared. Whatever value it may have probably consists mainly in its description of rural New York schools in 1875. The picture it gives may be relied upon as accurate. The commissioners convention might be repeated in every detail at the nomination of commissioners next year. One of the present school commissioners boasts that he won his election by circulating the report throughout the district that his competitor was an aristocrat who slept in a nightshirt. But the general tone of the school commissioners has vastly improved in these twenty years

COMMISSIONER HUME.

and many of the conditions described in this volume no longer prevail. In the licensing of teachers an entire change has taken place, so that some of the incidents here given represent a state of things unknown to the present generation. The volume is therefore offered to the public as a contribution to educational history.

SYRACUSE, *Dec. 31, 1898.*

A Sequel to Roderick Hume, the Story of a New York Teacher

COMMISSIONER HUME

A STORY OF

NEW YORK SCHOOLS

Harley
William
BY
C. W. BARDEEN

EDITOR OF THE SCHOOL BULLETIN



SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER

1899

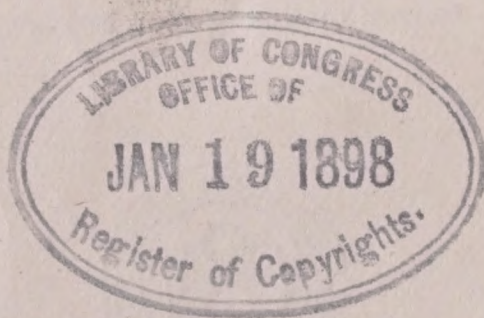
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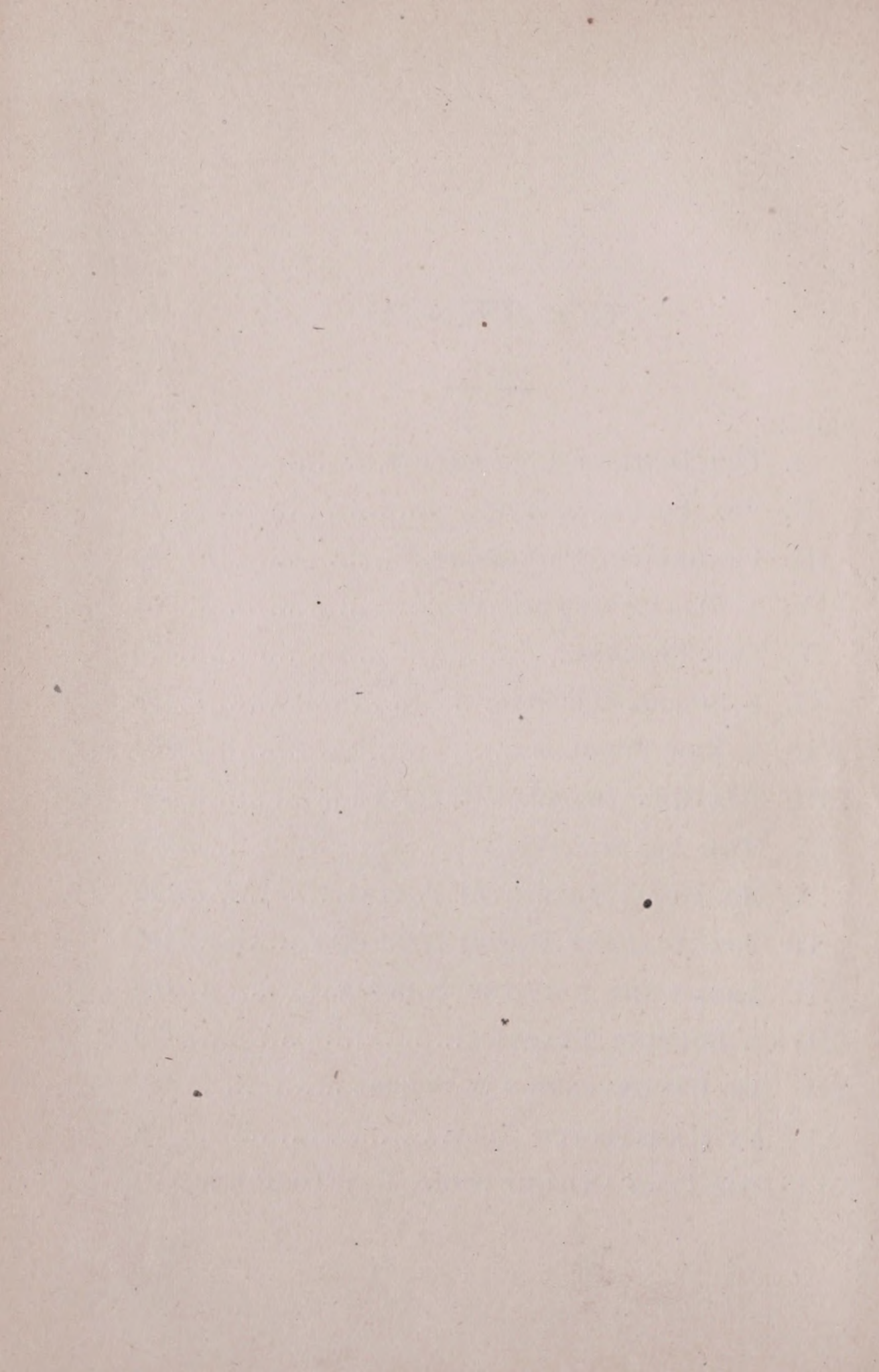
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CHAPTER I.

THE DISTRICT CONVENTION.

At 10 A. M., on Saturday, October 9th, 1875, the delegates to the Republican Convention of the Second District, Macedonia County, New York, met at the American Hotel, Norway, to nominate candidates for assemblyman and school-commissioner. A short and harmonious session was expected, the slate having been amicably made up by leading politicians. The present school-commissioner, Tobias Legg, Esq., attorney and counselor-at-law, was to be sent to the legislature; and Professor Cobb, who was eking out a rather meagre income as principal of the academy at Chimborazo, was to be made school-commissioner. According to custom, Mr. Legg, as the leading candidate from Norway, had been allowed to name the five delegates to the caucus from the town of Siam, in which the village of Norway was situated. In like manner, Professor Cobb had chosen the six delegates from his town. These eleven delegates made up a majority of the convention, as the eight towns in the district had altogether but twenty delegates and especially since the delegate from Alaska was not present.

The convention having been called to order, Mr. Herring, of Norway, was made chairman. He took his place briskly, made a short speech in which he

showed that as the Republican party had put down the rebellion, it was entitled to the assemblyman from this district; and that the prevalent southern outrages made it absolutely necessary that the school commissioner of this district should be a Republican. He then pronounced the convention ready for business, and inquired what was the pleasure of the gentlemen present.

After it had been moved that the meeting proceed to nominate a member of assembly, Mr. Domite rose to present the name of Esquire Legg. Mr. Legg was a worthy young lawyer, he said, of sound Republican principles. On several occasions he had taken the stump to defend the party of progress and civilization. During the six years he had been commissioner, he had always shown himself ready to speak for, to work for, and to contribute to (cries of "Hear! hear!") the party which had elected him. Such fidelity deserved reward. He would say to this worthy servant, "Come up higher: thou hast been faithful in a small office, we will give thee a bigger one." He was proud to offer the name of Tobias Legg, Esq., to represent this district in the Assembly; and he trusted that Mr. Legg would be nominated by acclamation. He felt that the name would be a talisman of victory. For as the crusaders of old shouted: "*In Hoc Signum Vincas*," (for he was a classical scholar, he said, and must be indulged in an occasional relapse to the studies of his youth,) so we, bearing aloft upon our ballots the name of TOBIAS LEGG, should march triumphant into the New Jerusalem at Albany.

Mr. Domite sat down and wiped his face amidst considerable stamping of feet. In afterward detailing the events of this memorable convention, he has usually referred to this moment as the proudest in his life.

It was understood that no other names would be presented, and the chairman was repeating in rapid voice the formula :

“Are there any other names to be proposed if not gentleman please prepare your ballots the secretary will hold the hat to receive—”

—when a delegate from the town of Scotia, a heavy-booted farmer, rose and said :

“Mr. Chairman, it kind o’ seems to me you’re sort o’ rushin’ things a leetle. We plain folks from the country cut an’ dry our own apples an’ we han’t got use’ to havin’ other folks cut an’ dry our politics for us. I s’pose this Squire Legg is smart enough, ’n’ a good Republican s’long’s that party is on top. But I know this : He’s been commissioner six years, ’n’ drawed six thousand dollars for supervisin’ the schools o’ this county ; ’n’ he han’t never been in our school-house yit. I’m the trustee ; have been for ten years ; han’t got no children o’ my own ’n’ so other folks think I’ve got time enough to take care of theirn. I don’t pretend to know nothin’ about schools myself. I never went to school but one term in my life, ’n’ the fust half o’ that I had the measles ’n’ the last half of it the teacher had ’em. I an’t no scholard, like this ’ere man that slung Latin aroun’ here ; but I b’lieve in larnin’, an’ I make jest as good a school as

I kin with what the deestrick allow me. But I git took in on teachers. Here comes a chap to me an' I says, 'What do you ask?' an' he says, 'Ten shillin',' 'n' I say, 'Where's yer license?' 'n' he says, 'There y'are,' 'n' I find a fust-grade signed Tobias Legg. What more kin I do? I give him the school 'n' the fust thing he does he don't do nothin' 'n' the second thing he does he gits pitched out o' the winder by the big boys, 'n' then there ain't no peace all winter. Now all this is because Tobias Legg's name onto a teacher's stifkit ain't wuth no more than a twelve year-old boy's is onto a promissory note. I say a man that don't do his work no better than that, is no man to represent this deestrick in the legislatur, 'n' I'm goin' agin 'im.

"Mr. Chairman, I nominate a man who was born an' bred an' made his money in this county in a straight-for'ard, upright way; a man whose word is as good as his note, an' whose note is as good as the bank, an' who will do our business in Albany as he allers did his own business at home, in a prompt, energetic, satisfact'ry way. Mr. Chairman, I nominate as the Republican candidate for assemblyman, Jim Granger, Esq., of Scotia."

"Made a good speech, didn't he?" whispered Mr. Baker to Squire Coy, a fellow delegate from Norway.

"First rate," replied that gentleman, "but speeches don't go for much here."

"To tell the truth, Squire, I wish Legg had attended to his commissioner-work better. He hasn't done a thing for the last three years."

“O, well, that isn’t in his line. He took it only as a step on the ladder, and now he’ll spread himself.”

This whispered conversation was interrupted by a call for the informal ballot. The Norway delegates voted nonchalantly, but were startled, when the votes were counted, to see the expression on the chairman’s face.

“Gentlemen,” he said nervously, “the secretary will announce the result of the ballot.”

“Whole number of votes cast 19; of which 5 are for Mr. Legg, and 14 for Mr. Granger.”

The four Norway delegates who were on the floor flew together. After a moment’s consultation, Mr. Coy arose.

Mr. Chairman,” he said, “as it will be impossible for us to finish our work before dinner, I move that this convention adjourn till 2 o’clock.”

“The gentleman from Norway will ’low me to s’ggest that that’s a leetle bit too thin,” remarked the delegate from Scotia; “they come here thinkin’ they had the thing all fixed, ’n’ now that they find that it’s fixed the t’other way, the best thing they can do is to grin an’ bear it.”

All expostulation was unavailing. The convention insisted on continuing its work, and it nominated James L. Granger by a vote of 14 to 5.

While Mr. Granger was making a homely but earnest speech of thanks, the Norway delegates gathered about the chairman and held a hasty conference. As a result of it, Mr. Baker, after taking a book from his pocket and handing it to Mr. Coy, left the room in some haste. No objection was made to proceeding to

the nomination of school commissioner, and the name of Professor Cobb was eloquently presented by a delegate from Australia.

“Are there any other nominations?” asked the chairman, looking toward Squire Coy.

Mr. Coy rose deliberately, and put himself into a speech-making attitude. The delegates leaned back and steeled their souls with patience.

“Mr. Chairman,” began the Squire, “I rise to present the name of a man so eminently qualified for this position that I feel sure all personal preferences will yield to his unanimous nomination. And because I have sometimes feared, Mr. Chairman, that the dignity and importance of this office were not duly appreciated, I shall ask your permission to state with precision the exact nature of his duties as related to our system of public instruction. To do this, it will be necessary to review at some length the history of public education, and I shall ask your attention to a sketch which expresses more briefly and forcibly than I could myself the main facts connected with the past of pedagogics.”

The delegates looked at one another with mingled astonishment and indignation, as Mr. Coy opened the book and began to read as follows:

“‘With such an aim, we find little to interest us in our search for data prior to the Greeks, and little outside the Caucasian race. Only the Chinese and Japanese deserve a passing notice, more, however, because among them we find, in almost every respect, the opposite of our aims clearly crystallized.

“‘Although Kong—who lived among the Chinese 500 years before Christ, whom they reverently call the ‘Teacher,’ and who is esteemed among us under the Latinized name of Confucius—de-

clared that the destiny of man was to perfect himself, their entire educational system aims at limits so rigidly fixed that further development is impossible. Their scope of thought—' ”

“See here, Mr. Chairman,” broke in an angry delegate from Australia, “are we free-born American citizens, or are we a pack of d——d fools? Do you suppose we are going to sit here all day, to hear about education in China and Japan since five hundred years before Christ? Not by a blank blanked sight.”

That this outburst had the sympathy of the audience was evident enough, but the Chairman rapped on the desk and announced in parliamentary tones :

“The gentleman is wholly out of order. Mr. Coy has the floor.”

Not a delegate dared leave the room, as it was not known just how large a majority the Cobb men could depend upon. So they all leaned back and wrestled as they best could with their discomfort while Mr. Coy placidly read on :

“As I was quoting,

“ ‘Their scope of thought, their manners and customs, the entire social fabric, every thing that relates to the life of man, has assumed positive, unalterable forms; and the aim of Chinese education’ ”——

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Meanwhile Tom Baker was hunting up Roderick Hume, the principal of the Norway Free High School. He found him at the building, working with chemical apparatus.

“See here, Hume,” he said, “we want you to be our next school commissioner.”

“O come, now, make it Secretary of State,” laughed Roderick; “you know well enough that Gov. Tilden

needs a vigorous young politician like me to look after things here while he gets ready for Washington. See there, now, Mr. Baker; look! look! how's that?" and he pointed to the rings of white smoke which at this moment began to rise from the phosphuretted hydrogen.

"Whew! looks better than it smells," said Mr. Baker compelled to a moment's admiration. "But come, now, I mean business. Put out your light there, and listen to me.

"You know Professor Cobb was to be the next commissioner. He has a tough time of it at Chimborazo, and we were willing to put him in if he would support Legg for the Assembly. He agreed, and each man chose his own delegates. Now what does that miserable sneak do but betray us! He has six delegates at his back and only needs four more; he gets two from Scotia by supporting their candidate for Assembly, and he probably counts on the two from Epirus because their boys began to go to school here before he left. You know them—Charley Camp and Charley Pease. They both live over the town line, and their fathers are the two delegates. The rest of the delegates we have a hold on, through some of the county nominations. We could have fixed them on Assembly, if we had known it was necessary, but this wretched Cobb sprung a trap on us, and Legg is beaten. To tell the truth, I don't care much about that, for the man that is nominated is a better fellow. But you see Cobb did this out of personal spite, because most of us were on the board of education when he was turned out of the school here. Of course we

aren't going to let him get the best of us, so we have set Squire Coy talking against time. He rose about eleven o'clock to make a nomination for commissioner, but as he doesn't know yet whom he is going to nominate, he is reading aloud as a part of his speech, your 'History of Pedagogy,' that I happened to have in my pocket, and lent him. There are 130 pages, and we calculate that it will last till three o'clock, and, as Mute Herring is chairman, nothing can be done till we get our plans fixed.

"So we want to nominate you. The Epirus men will go for you with a rush, and you will be nominated and elected without any particular effort. Come, now, what do you say?"

"Why, I'd like to oblige you in this matter, Mr. Baker. But, frankly, I can't afford it. I get \$1,500 now. A commissioner gets only \$800, with a far too meagre allowance of \$200 for travelling-expenses. I have my college debts to pay, and I cannot stand the deduction."

"O, you don't need to give up your school, you know; nobody expects a commissioner to devote to this work more than his spare time. Legg, here, carried the thing a little too far; he got so that he wouldn't examine teachers and licensed everybody. You ought to hold examinations two or three times a year, look after the institute, and visit a few of the larger schools in your vicinity. Nobody would ask any more of you, in the way of supervision."

"But the Code says the commissioner ought to spend three-half days a year in every school in his district."

“Yes; and it says you ought to examine them in United States, English, Continental and Universal History; and expect ‘minute, accurate and extensive knowledge of the same.’ To try to do either one would make you a laughing-stock. There are 157 schools in this district, most of them in session 28 weeks, of 5 days each; 140 days altogether. If you always knew just when a school was in session, which you won’t; and if you devoted all these 140 days to visiting schools, which you can’t; and if you so arranged your trip as to go from one to another without loss of time, which is impossible, you couldn’t visit every school twice and stay long enough either to help the teacher or to learn anything about her. The Code requires what can’t be done, my boy, and nobody will expect you to comply with it. Go on with your school just the same as usual, give what time you can to your commissionership, and do what you do honestly and judiciously. You needn’t fear that anybody will make you trouble.”

“I couldn’t do that Mr. Baker; I certainly couldn’t. All the supervision these 157 schools get they must get from the commissioner, and I could not satisfy my conscience by giving to 157 schools, two hundred teachers and more than five thousand pupils the mere shreds of my time. No, sir; if I took hold of this at all, I should give most of my time to visiting the schools. I could not do otherwise.”

“Then take an insurance agency, like Jeffrey, in the South District. He gets a good salary and all his travelling-expenses paid by a fire-insurance company,

and so publishes glowing accounts of the number of schools he visits."

"Excuse me," said Roderick stiffly; "I think that proposition might better be made to Mr. Abrahams. Would it not be well for me to take an agency for some series of school-books, at the same time? Perhaps a little apparatus and school-furniture business might be added, and possibly a little bargaining in old clothes?"

"Why, for that matter, that's about what they say Jeffrey does," laughed Tom Baker; "but I confess it doesn't seem to be quite in your line. I tell you what we can do," he added after a moment's pause: "get the Board of Supervisors to give you five hundred dollars extra for travelling-expenses. They do that in three or four counties, and I think I could fix it for you here."

"But that's a contingency," said Roderick, "and I can't afford to take the risk."

Tom Baker was puzzled. Time was flying, Roderick was the only person they could depend upon to beat Professor Cobb, and yet every ground of fitness for the position was a ground for declining it. Tom was almost in despair, when a happy thought struck him.

"Strange, I didn't think of this before," he said; "I have just the very proposition for you. See here, Hume, my nephew is coming home next May to fit for college. He is an orphan, and has been spending a year in Europe, with some of his mother's friends. I am his guardian, and I have been thinking that it is time for me to select a tutor for him. He is a delicate young fellow, and I had determined to offer

some bright young graduate a thousand dollars a year for two years to fit him for college. He isn't to be pushed very hard, and I want somebody who can associate with him, play ball with him, travel with him, and be a friend as well as a tutor. You are just the man, and I will engage you now for that very thing. And I will be entirely satisfied with such time as you can give without neglecting your duties as commissioner."

"I hardly know what to say to this," said Roderick.

"I know," said Tom Baker; and with the momentum of thorough conviction he carried Roderick with him to the convention.

When they entered, they found the chairman and most of the delegates smoking, in all sorts of attitudes. Some of the delegates were conversing, some were yawning, one was fast asleep; but on through the incense and the hum of voices Squire Coy kept possession of the floor, and was reading monotonously:

"Herbart had shown the absurdity of assuming a number of special, independent faculties of the soul; Benecke had proved that the soul is capable of development, a thing that grows; the next step was taken by Herbert Spencer, who shows that this growth is organic, subject to the ordinary laws of organic development——"

When Tom Baker and Roderick entered, the Squire looked up, caught a glance from his fellow delegate, and concluded his two hours' harangue as follows:

"But, gentlemen, as I look about, I observe that you are weary, and it is hardly just to you to continue this charming history to the present time, as I had intended. In the absence of the gentleman whom I

am about to nominate, I was undertaking to demonstrate how essential to the guardianship of our national liberty through that system of education, which, thus developed through twenty-three centuries, has now grown into the aegis of our country's safety, is the selection for an office so fundamental to the usefulness of our system of public instruction as that of school commissioner, of a man whose talents, education and experience fit him capably to fulfil its duties. But, Mr. Chairman, the man whom I shall name has just entered this room, and his presence is the only eulogy he needs. Mr. Chairman, I have the honor to propose as the Republican candidate for school commissioner, Roderick Hume, principal of the Norway Free High School and College Preparatory Institution."

Tom Baker hastened to introduce Roderick to the delegates from Epirus, and he passed the word to other delegates who were looking to the support of Norway for minor offices on the county ticket. On the informal ballot, Roderick got 10 votes to 9 for Professor Cobb, and on the first formal ballot he was nominated by a vote of 11 to 8.

As the delegates hurried out to dinner, Roderick and Professor Cobb were brought face to face. Roderick held out his hand, but Professor Cobb declined it.

"Excuse me," he said, "this makes twice."

And he refused any further conversation.

CHAPTER II.

VOX POPULI.

A day or two after his nomination Roderick Hume received the following note :

EDITORIAL ROOMS, VOX POPULI,
NORWAY, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1875.

DEAR SIR:

Please send me autobiography by eleven to-morrow at latest, in time for this week's issue.

Yours truly,

VALENTINE VARNEY.

Roderick read the note a second time with increasing amazement. He turned it over, in vain search for some secret explanation.

"Who sent you with this?" he asked of the messenger, a slouchy boy with impudent face half hidden under a long-visored cap.

"Who? Why Varney, in course."

"And who is Varney?"

"Varney? The editor of the 'Vox,' to be sure. 'N he wants 'n ans'r right off."

"He shall have it," said Roderick; and he wrote as follows:

I was born in Massachusetts, went to school in Vermont, graduated at a college in Connecticut, and now teach school in New York. I am a tremendously smart fellow, and shall make a rousing commissioner.

RODERICK HUME.

"There," he said grimly, as he folded the sheet and handed it to the boy. "Tell Mr. Varney I suppose that is what he wants. It contains all the essential facts in condensed form."

But the next day a little man with red hair and a long nose handed Roderick the following card:

"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI."
The Norway Vox Populi,
Valentine Varney, Editor.
\$1.50 A YEAR.
Circulation greater than all others in the
County.
 Advertising rates made known on application.

"Moderate salary for so much activity," thought Roderick, as he noted the ambiguous reading; but he motioned Mr. Varney to a seat and awaited his pleasure.

"I called about that little sketch of yours," the editor said; "it was good; tip-top. But you see the voters want a little more of it. It's got all the facts, and puts 'em clear. But I'm afraid if we should print it just that way they'd think it was sort o' queer we didn't tell 'em some more. They expect about so long a notice of each candidate. The county judge, he has to have a good full column; so does a senator; an assemblyman wants at least a half, and a school commissioner pretty near that, for you know he holds office three years. You see if a man don't have more than three or four lines they think he hasn't done

much. They all vote according to the *Vox*, and I want to make sure to get you elected. By the-way, you never subscribed for the *Vox*?"

"Well, no, I never did," said Roderick; I suppose it is time that I should do so," and he handed the editor a five-dollar bill.

"I find I haven't any change with me," said Mr. Varney, after a pretence at fumbling for his pocket-book, "but never mind, I'll credit you on account;" and he complacently folded the bill and placed it in his vest pocket; "of course there'll be a good many little printing jobs connected with the election," he added.

"Perhaps you think I ought to date my subscription back to the time I came here," said Roderick, eying Mr. Varney rather curiously.

"That would be a good idea," said the editor eagerly. "It was just New Year's wasn't it? Let me see—"

"O never mind," said Roderick, "I am afraid it would be difficult for you to make up a set of the back numbers."

"I don't know as I could do that," said Mr. Varney, his face lengthening. "I thought you wanted to just call it from January first. Candidates usually feel pretty liberal. Besides, it is the duty of every citizen, and especially every man drawing public money, to support his home paper."

"I doubt that," said Roderick; "I wouldn't give much for a paper that asks a man to subscribe on any other grounds than that it will be worth to him more than the subscription price. Now, I have seen your

paper occasionally, and to be frank with you, I have never found anything I wanted to read in it."

"You must be a curious sort of a man if you take no interest in home news," said the editor, somewhat nettled.

"I do take an interest in home news, Mr. Varney; but that is just what I never find in the *Vox*. Have you a copy with you?"

Mr. Varney reluctantly handed him the last number, remarking that it had been issued under great press of other engagements, and was by no means a fair specimen.

"O, I don't know," said Roderick, "this looks about like the rest of them. To begin with, it is a 'patent outside,' printed in New York, and containing every form of advertisement for which money can be got. Of course, I never look at that."

"Why, my subscribers often say that it is the best part of my paper," interrupted Mr. Varney, eagerly.

"Indeed?" queried Roderick, with a sarcastic smile, that made Mr. Varney hate him. "Well, turn inside; here are fourteen columns, of which eight are filled with advertisements, most of them standing from week to week, and put in, I suppose, to save type-setting?"

"You seem to be pretty familiar with the printing-office, sir," said Mr. Varney, haughtily.

"Of the other six columns, three are editorial," continued Roderick. "The first one summons every voter to rally to the Republican party, and sweep the political field, as the mighty besom of England used

to sweep the ocean. That's a tolerable piece of writing. To be sure it doesn't mean anything, and not a dozen of your readers know what a besom is, and it wasn't England that used the emblem, but Holland. Still, it reads well enough, and we might suppose you were terribly in earnest, except for the next editorial, which just as eloquently advises your readers to buy a pair of elegantly-fitting French-made corsets at Skeelee's bankrupt sale, which must positively be closed out this week, owing to other engagements of the auctioneer."

"Look here, sir; I didn't come here to get lessons in editing a newspaper," shouted Mr. Varney, goaded to wrath, and attempting to seize the sheet.

"O, I beg your pardon," interposed Roderick, with imperturbable equanimity. "I shouldn't presume to take that liberty. I am merely defending myself from the charge of neglecting my duty as a citizen, in hitherto failing to subscribe."

"But you have no right to complain because we put in advertisements," replied the editor, calming down, as he reflected that he could avenge his insulted profession by charging Roderick double for all his campaign printing; "a paper has to rely principally upon its advertisements for support."

"No, indeed," replied Roderick; "I don't complain because you insert advertisements, but because you so mix them up with your reading-matter, that no one can tell whether you are saying what you think, or what you are paid to insert. You will get about so much for advertisements anyway, and if you would have a regular place and a regular price for them,

they would take less of your space and do the advertisers more good. Why, I feel insulted when I am asked to read a column of 'Local News,' like this, in which I have to stumble over two paid puffs to get at every paragraph of intelligence. Besides, as I said before, you don't give any local news. I learn here that Miss Libbie Richardson, of Utica, is visiting Miss Ida Johnson, and that a six-year-old-girl has had a birth-day party—both items evidently furnished you by some one who wanted to appear in print. But what else is there here in the way of local information? Where is your correspondence from the other villages of the county? Where is the description of the new mill that Tom Baker is putting up? Where is your report of that important trial for assault and battery, in which every teacher in the vicinity is interested?"

"But, my dear sir, I don't have time to look these things up."

"Then you should get more time or more help. Why, you have never said a word about John Blarston since he sold out his clothing business and went to New York; and yet the New York *Planet*, last month gave two whole columns to a description of his career in Wall St., whence he retired after a short and exciting experience, with more than a million dollars. The *Planet* gave his biography from boyhood up, the history of his business here, and more information about this village than I have got from both the Norway papers since I came. Now if that subject was worth two columns of a New York city daily, wasn't it at least worth copying in the *Vox*?"

“Copying?” Mr. Varney laughed. “Why, Mr. Hume, how much space in the *Vox* do you suppose those two columns would take? They were in fine type, set solid, and would fill the whole six columns of reading-matter we print.”

“Very good, give it the space. Your readers wouldn’t complain, for it is an interesting sketch, well-told, and of permanent value to everybody who knew Mr. Blarston here.”

“There I must differ with you, Mr. Hume,” said the editor, rubbing his hands deprecatingly; “people don’t want long stories. The feature of the day is the paragraph. I meant to have alluded to this lucky stroke of Blarston’s, and am glad you called my attention to it. Now if I say ‘John Blarston, formerly a well-known merchant of Norway, has just made a million dollars in Wall St.,’ that’s all there is of it, and people will read it and be satisfied. My readers know all about Norway. What is the use of describing to them what lies right under their eyes?”

“Because that is just what they take the most interest in. If you describe what they have seen and thought, you confirm their observation and judgment, which pleases them. If you describe what they have omitted to see or think, you give them an opportunity to verify your statements, and that pleases them. And it is the details which give life and human interest to a story. One of your paragraphs tells me that Horace Ward is to be hung for killing his wife. This statement is of no value to me. I don’t know Horace Ward, or his wife, or any of their friends; and the addition of another to the list of wife-murderers does

not materially alter any opinion of mine or suggest any new thought. But the *Planet* has given to this case altogether a dozen columns closely packed with facts and incidents. The tragedy lifted the vail from the lives of all upon whom it laid its hand. The reporter peered beneath, scanned every feature, and depicted in his series of letters the life-history of two souls. I have no vulgar curiosity about Horace Ward and his wife, but I have a deep interest in human nature; and this reporter's story, laying bare the secret development of an evil passion till from a tendency it grew into a tyrant, rouses in me the same interest which the anatomist feels in witnessing a skilful dissection. For the murderer and his victim I feel pity, as for all who sin and suffer. From their story, thus accidentally made known, I learn something of universal human nature, which it is my fault if I fail to use to the advantage of myself and others."

"Let me advise you, as a Republican candidate, not to be too liberal in praising the *Planet*," said Mr. Varney, sneeringly.

"O, I abominate the *Planet's* politics," replied Roderick, "and I think it indulges personal spite with less restraint from conscience and decency than any other paper I ever read. But it is by all means the most ably-edited paper in this country. Though it be a year old, a stray copy is always readable, because it is master of the two crowning glories of a news-gatherer: elaboration of the incidents which supply life and human interest; elimination of all that is unessential or can be inferred."

"Well, you see I don't have any time to go into these things," said Mr. Varney, who had been growing impatient; "you outsiders think that an editor has nothing else to do but to sit in an easy chair and get up articles, but as a matter of fact that is the least part of our work. We have to look to our bread and butter. Now the subscriptions and advertisements don't pay for the paper and printing, and we have to get our living out of public jobs. That's where the hard work comes in. Why, how much do you suppose I had to give the clerk of the supervisors last year, to get the printing of the proceedings?"

"I really couldn't guess."

"First and last, it cost me over sixty dollars, and then he came near giving it to the *Intelligencer*. For the forty-eight hours before it was decided, I never let that clerk out of my sight. I sat in the board-meeting all day, I took my meals at the same hotel, and I played California Jack with him till he went to bed, both nights. I knew if the *Intelligencer* man got hold of him, I was a gone coon."

"What was your profit on publishing the proceedings?"

"O, a big pile. You see we put in our estimate by the page on long primer solid, and then we printed it in small pica leaded. Besides we got in a good many extras, and did well on it. It's out of such jobs as this that we get our living."

"But don't you believe the same amount of time and money put into your newspaper would have brought you more profit in additional subscribers, to say nothing about self-respect and the risk of defeat?"

If you and the *Intelligencer* man would shake hands, and agree to vie with each other only in making the better paper, instead of in securing the public pap, wouldn't you both make money faster? I notice that where one of two village papers is well-edited, the other has to follow suit, and each profits by the other's excellence. There are dozens of places no larger than Norway that support two capital newspapers, fairly reflecting, as newspapers should, all there is done and said and felt in the community. Such country papers are considered far more profitable than the city dailies."

"It is easy enough for you to reason it out," said Mr. Varney, "but if you tried it here you would starve to death while you were getting started. We have to take advantage of politics, and make our living out of the machinery. And of course," here the editor smiled propitiatingly, "we expect some patronage from you. But you get off cheap anyhow. In this county most of the heavy work is in getting nominated. Professor Cobb laid out of his pocket a good hundred dollars for the nomination, not to mention his time."

"Indeed?" inquired Roderick with some curiosity. Mr. Varney was a talkative fellow, and might as well reveal some of the workings of county politics. "I suppose he was very careful to put this money where it would be useful."

"Useful? You bet. Nobody knows better how to handle printer's ink. Why, he had the thing sure. But he went and mixed up some personal feelings with it and tried to run the whole caucus. Then he

slipped up and you slipped in, but so far as the campaign went, he did it beautiful. Did you see the attack on him in the *Constantinople Free Press*? No? Well, by George, it was rich. You see the only opposing candidate, Wetherby, was a teacher over that way, and everybody thought he wrote the article, and blamed him for being so mean. It said Cobb was a snob because he had a college education; that he was stingy as dirt or he never would have been worth ten thousand dollars; that he had no sense of honor, or he would never have left the Norway high school when it needed him most, and gone over to the Alps Collegiate just because he thought he could get rich faster. In fact, it accused Cobb in the bitterest and most emphatic way of everything that Cobb wanted to have thought true; while people read it and said 'What a personal matter Wetherby is making of it. Poor fellow, he sees he has no chance.' "

"Did Wetherby write it?"

"Wetherby? no indeed. He is the mildest, most inoffensive fellow in the world. Why, Cobb wrote it himself, of course, and then came out the next week in a dignified card deprecating any resort to individual abuse, and stating his own opinion that Mr. Wetherby was a careful and well-meaning teacher, to whom he would cheerfully give his hearty support if the convention nominated him. That killed Wetherby. He didn't even get the delegates of his own town."

"And was it in this style of campaign that Professor Cobb spent his hundred dollars?"

"O, not entirely. He was out of school four weeks,

riding around the district, and he had to hire a woman teacher to take his place. Besides, there are one or two inside men in the county that have to be doctored in advance for any work you want them to do. But for three weeks Cobb had from half a column to two columns' space in every paper in the district, Democrat and Republican alike."

"What is the general charge for this space?" queried Roderick.

"O, for a good square editorial, where we have to write it ourselves, we charge three dollars a column. If it is handed in to us all ready to print, we can make it two and a half, and perhaps shade that a little on a big bill. Let me read you what I have got fixed up for you in to-day's paper."

Mr. Varney drew from his pocket a slip of proof, and read as follows:

A NOBLE NOMINATION.

Seldom does it fall to our lot to chronicle a nomination in every way so desirable as that of Professor Roderick Hume for the office of School Commissioner in the Second District. From every point of view in which we may consider him, as a teacher, a scholar, a citizen, a gentleman and a social companion, he is singularly fit for this position.

As a teacher, he has been for nearly a year the principal of our high school, and from all quarters we hear expressed a very lively satisfaction with his efforts. His pupils obey him without any compulsion, and his teachers regard him with unaffected esteem.

His scholarship is precisely of that kind we need for this office. He graduated high in his class at an Eastern college, and will feel an intelligent sympathy with our young teachers who are striving for the rudiments of an education.

Instead of confining himself, like most teachers, to the duties of his position, he has taken the true path of the citizen in our nominations and elections, and shown an activity which is un-

fortunately very rare among those who are so well fitted to exert an influence at the polls.

As a gentleman, as a social companion, as a practical man of the world, he has every qualification conceivable. His training has been cosmopolitan, and he happily unites the culture of Massachusetts, the heartiness of Vermont, the shrewdness of Connecticut and the liberality of New York.

It sometimes happens that we are obliged to receive with silence and even with applause a nomination which is shamefully unworthy; but for once we revel in the freedom to say of a candidate what we really and emphatically believe, and to announce our solemn conviction that the election of Roderick Hume will reflect honor upon every citizen and glory upon every school-house in this Commissioner District. VOTE FOR HUME.

Roderick read the article once or twice, and then entered into a calculation.

"Mr. Varney," he said, "how much do you intend to charge me for this?"

"Why, at our regular rates it would be about twelve shillings. When we lead it out it will take pretty near half a column."

"Then, for the balance of that five dollar bill, you could put in two such notices, and some over?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Varney, I make you this proposition. Keep this article and all other articles about me out of your paper, and never refer to me during the canvass, except in giving the list of candidates, and the balance of that bill is yours."

"Do you want me to understand—" began the editor, flushing; but Roderick interrupted him:

"I want you to understand that I don't pay for being puffed, that I don't want to be puffed, and that what you call puffing I call infernal impudence: that's

what I want you to understand," repeated Roderick, losing his temper. "Let me see this article, or anything like it in your paper, and I will haul you up before the police court for stealing three dollars and a half of my money."

"By blank, you won't be troubled by any puffing," yelled the editor, almost in a screech, and so nearly insane, that he had his thumb and finger on the five dollar bill, to give it back and show that he had manhood enough left to be angry. Recovering from the temptation, he rushed over to his office, and in an hour was working off from his slow press the week's edition of the *Vox*, containing this article:

A DISGRACEFUL NOMINATION.

Seldom does it fall to our lot to chronicle a nomination in every way so despicable as that of Professor Roderick Hume for School Commissioner in the Second District. From every point of view in which we may consider him, as a teacher, a scholar, a citizen, a gentleman and a social companion, he is singularly unfit for this position.

As a teacher, he has been for nearly a year the principal of our high school, and from all quarters we hear expressed a very lively dissatisfaction with his efforts. His pupils obey him only upon compulsion, and his teachers regard him with unaffected disgust.

His scholarship is precisely not of that kind we need for this office. He graduated high in his class at an Eastern college, and will feel no intelligent sympathy with our young teachers who are striving for the rudiments of an education.

Instead of confining himself, like most teachers, to the duties of his position, he has taken the base path of the partisan in our nominations and elections, and shown an activity which is fortunately very rare among those who are so ill fitted to exert an influence at the polls.

As a gentleman, as a social companion, as a practical man of the world, he has no conceivable qualification. His training has

been cosmopolitan, and he miserably unites the conceit of Massachusetts, the greenness of Vermont, and the meanness of Connecticut. Surely we are not so utterly destitute of good men in this county as to be forced to import our educational officers from New England.

It sometimes happens that we are obliged to receive with silence and even with applause a nomination which is shamefully unworthy; but for once we revel in our freedom to say of a candidate what we really and emphatically believe, and to announce our solemn conviction that the election of Roderick Hume will reflect disgrace upon every citizen and shame upon every school-house in this Commissioner District. VOTE AGAINST HUME.

CHAPTER III.

PIG-HEADED PRINCIPLES.

"See here, Hume, what on earth have you been doing to Val Varney?" cried Tom Baker, entering Roderick's room with a copy of the *Vox* damp from the press.

"Nothing like what he deserves," replied Roderick. "We had a little discussion as to the province of country journalism: that was all."

"Well, you got him hopping mad, didn't you?"

"I believe he did go away somewhat perturbed in spirit," replied Roderick, demurely. "He didn't say anything about calling again."

"Exactly. Well, read that:" and Mr. Baker held out the newspaper, and pointed to the leading editorial in double-leaded type."

"This looks familiar," said Roderick, his brow lowering as he recognized the first words. But as he finished the sentence he began to laugh, and before he reached the last paragraph he fairly shook with merriment.

"You seem to find it very amusing," said Tom, scowling.

"Why, the joke of it is that the fellow brought this very article to me in proof, not three hours ago, only it was then full of sickening flattery. I told him if he

dared to publish any such puffs of me, I would prosecute him before the police court. So he changed all the negatives to affirmatives and vice versa, and has vented his spite without any increased cost of type-setting. He is sharper than he looks," and Roderick laughed again, as the full humor of revelling to say "what we really and emphatically believe" struck him with redoubled force.

"But how do you expect to be elected, if you begin by quarreling with men like Varney?" continued Mr. Baker, impatiently.

"You know Thackeray used to say there were some people by whom he dearly loved to be hated. I feel that way toward men like Varney. Their slanders are compliments."

"That might be true if Varney were a private citizen, but you must remember that he controls one of the two leading papers of this district. Five hundred voters have already got their first impressions of you from that article."

"Why you don't mean to say that anybody regards the opinion of that miserable hireling scribbler?" protested Roderick, in honest astonishment. "His readers can not have observed how he devotes his editorial vigor first to politics and then to corsets, or anything that will put a dollar in his pocket, without discovering that his praise of a man means only that the man has paid to get himself puffed."

"O, I don't know about that. A criminal at the bar pays his lawyer to get himself puffed, but the verdict of the jury depends a good deal upon the puffing, after all. The newspaper is the candidate's

advocate with the people, and if they can say nothing good of him, the people think there is nothing good to be said."

"Your comparison of the candidate with the criminal is not flattering. If his habits are similar while getting into office, it is not remarkable that they are identical afterwards."

"O, come Hume, be reasonable, and revolve with the world awhile before you change its motion. You mean well, but in this matter you are flying off at a tangent. Politics is a business, with an established routine. Put yourself into the hands of your friends, this time, and before you are through you will see good reason for many customs that now seem arbitrary or improper. I suppose Varney wanted to be paid for his puffing, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Three dollars a column, with a deduction of one-sixth, provided I furnished him ready-made his unbiassed opinions of me."

"Well, now, just look at it," said Tom Baker, soothingly; "the whole thing wouldn't have cost you ten dollars, and even that the District Committee would have paid, if you didn't want to foot the bill. What was the use of making all this disturbance about a little matter like that?"

For a moment Roderick looked at Mr. Baker searchingly. Then he drew back his head with a quick gesture, and sighed.

"I believe it's all a theory," he said.

"What is all a theory?" asked Mr. Baker, not prepared for so sudden a change of subject.

"The gentleman in politics," replied Roderick. "You are a gentleman, Mr. Baker, if I know one, but your course throughout this whole commissioner business has been unlike you. Now you crown all by supposing that it was because I am too stingy to pay three dollars a column that I object to Val Varney's puffs. I don't see how one gentleman can so misunderstand another, and I account for it only because one of us is in politics and the other isn't. I confess that the other doesn't want to be."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom Baker, earnestly; "if I had stopped to think a moment I should have known better. To be honest with you, I am sometimes led into actions I don't like," he added after a pause. "But if I lose, myself, I at least help the cause a little by preventing some things that are worse. You wonder how Mute Herring and I can have anything in common. Well, in a general way I represent in the councils of the managers of the party those who regard the dignity of the office, just as he represents those who regard the spoils. I am not strong enough to control the party, and I often have to make compromises from which I shrink. But I prevent his getting complete control, and modify considerable action that if carried out as proposed would be scandalous. It isn't a pleasant position to hold, and I wish circumstances had not pushed me into it. I have always known that it led to my being frequently misunderstood, but I had not reflected before that I was lowering my own appreciation of manhood. I am thank-

ful for your rebuke, Hume, and I will study the matter more closely. Perhaps I ought to get out of it; yet surely things could be worse than they are;" and Mr. Baker sighed.

"I can't presume to advise you in that matter," said Roderick; "the single experience I have had merely convinces me that public sentiment will have to be pretty thoroughly re-organized before a few well-meaning men can compete with the party machine. But it *was* a little absurd that you should think that I objected only to the cost of puffing. Why, I detest the entire modern mania for newspaper mention. What journal can you pick up which does not say: 'Mr. Smith, of Jonesville, called at our office yesterday.' Why did Mr. Smith, of Jonesville, call? To get his name in the paper. Why did the editor put it in? Because he knew Mr. Smith would buy ten extra copies, and mark them to send to his friends. Whenever a man's name is constantly appearing in connection with trivial statements, I set him down as an incorrigible ass. How then can any one insult me more than by smearing me over in the public press with sentences copied from patent medicine advertisements? I offered to pay Varney his regular puffing price, but on condition that he never mentioned me except to catalogue my name in his list of candidates. He flew into a passion, and rushed off to print this without any pay at all. And, by the way, I shall still call on him for that three dollars and a half of change."

"So Varney played his old trick on you, did he?" said Mr. Baker, laughing. "He never has any change,

and he always takes the bill. Then when you try to trade out the balance, you find before you get through that he has another bill against you. He looks and talks like a babbling simpleton, but in his own way he has a keen eye to business. Did he tell you how he came to own his office materials? No? Then you must have made the discussion pretty lively for him, for he usually blurts it out at the first interview.

"You see Dick Shepley, our big canal contractor, had a mortgage for twelve hundred dollars on the whole thing—quite all it was worth. He had held the reins pretty tight over Varney and kept him out of several fat jobs. So when the Legislature talked about investigating Shepley, Varney came to him and said confidentially, 'Now Shepley, of course I am going to stand by you in this thing, but if it leaks out that your mortgage covers the whole office, everybody will say I support you because I've got to. Don't you think you had better hand the mortgage over to me, for the present?' Shepley was scared, just then, and gave up the mortgage. Before night, Varney had transferred the property to his wife."

"And this is the man who imperils my election by not finding me a congenial companion," said Roderick, scornfully.

"No, it isn't Varney personally. Nobody cares anything about him or what he thinks, as an individual. But when he puts a thing in print, it isn't any longer what Varney thinks but what The Press thinks. For the republicans of this district Varney is The Press. He knows this and counts on it, or he never would have imperilled a possible dollar by

quarrelling with you. You may be willing that he should print editorials like this, but the party managers can not stand it. We shall have to go to him, as he knew we should have to, and get him to publish a card saying that he was wholly misled as to your antecedents, character and deserts: for all of which he will charge six dollars a column, instead of three."

"But, my dear sir,"—Roderick began to protest.

"But, my dear fellow," Tom Baker interrupted, "you *must* put yourself into our hands. I give you my word that I will shield you as far as I can, but as our candidate you must win. Don't try to play Don Roderick against the modern political wind-mill. You shall take office with the cleanest hands of any man in the county."

"I will try and follow your advice," said Roderick; "but tell me one thing: why is this not a promising field for a new newspaper, ably edited and honestly conducted? Surley it would command the support of all decent citizens, and sweep out this miserable *Vox*, and its congenial contemporary."

"It is a promising field," said Mr. Baker. "No village of its size in the State is more disgracefully misrepresented by its weekly papers. We have brought two or three good men here to run the *Intelligencer*, in opposition to Varney. Connelly was the first one—an able writer, but with no tact to compete with Varney for advertising, and especially for public jobs. When he became bankrupt, a chap named Skeene bought him out. He was a fair business-man and would have had the whole field to-day if he had not become suddenly intoxicated."

“Tremens?” inquired Roderick.

“No, not with liquor but with punning. It seems some brainless paper printed this question asked at a bookstore.

“‘Have you *Dante’s Inferno* translated by *Gustave Dore*?’

“The *Madagascar Sentinel* copied the question, and answered it: ‘No: but we have sundry other works on theology *translated by the attic door*.’

“The *Sandwich Island Times* copied question and answer, adding:

“‘Then your father’s strap should have made you *Dantes like inferno on the granary floor*.’

“The paragraph was now fairly started, and it grew, like a rolling ball of snow, by accretions of stupidity from every editor’s office through which it passed.

“It was half a column long, when it got to Skeene, and had taken a musical turn. In fact it had become so outrageously bad that it attracted him, and he resolved to add something himself. So he sat up all night, and at five in the morning had elaborated the following:

“‘We like quick music. The an *Dante’s inferno cuss t’ have t’ aDore*.’

“He left the paragraph with this tail to it on the compositor’s desk, and went home to sleep till noon. That afternoon he issued his paper and awaited the returns.

“It was astonishing how that tail took. The whole tribe of paragraphers at once recognized a congenial soul, and welcomed him with open arms. Every

exchange referred to 'the bright and gifted Skeene of the Norway *Intelligencer*,' or 'our genial and witty contemporary,' or 'the brilliant genius of the richly-endowed Skeene, whose mental corruscations flash like diamond-rays from the teeming pages of the *Intelligencer*.'

"Of course that ruined him. He forgot politics, religion and common-sense, and spent all his time in rambling after words of double or treble meaning. Every local event was treated in the same way. When my fourth child Mabel was born he referred to it thus:

" 'We are informed that a quartern loaf of a new pattern was received last night at the Bakery on Hawley street. It will be copyrighted in a few days, under a female trade-mark.'

"Of course this sort of a thing wasn't to be endured, but he went on from bad to worse till every man dreaded to take home his Thursday's paper. Finally he was asked to name a price at which he would sell out his establishment and leave the place. The amount was raised by subscription, and the office sold, at a considerable loss, to the present editor."

"What became of Skeene?"

"O he dropped lower and lower, till it made his companions shudder to see the sickly smile with which he opened his mouth. All rational methods of thought became impossible to him, the few dribbling ideas he had retained melted away, and his mind grew accustomed to regard words only for their sound, as a child chooses alphabet blocks only by their colors. It was a relief to us all when we learned that he had at last found refuge in a suitable asylum."

“At Utica or Bloomingdale?”

“No; as editor of the *Mentionettes* column of the *New York Herald*, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.”

* * * * *

But Roderick did not prosper as a candidate. He was urged to make speeches or write newspaper articles. He declined on the ground that he had nothing to say. Surley he could lift his voice for the grand principles of the Republican party? No, he didn't think he could. The party had done some noble things, but the noblest thing it was doing just now was to keep out the Democrats, because they seemed on the whole even more greedy for spoils. Well, he could speak for education, couldn't he? Not effectively, he thought. Nobody wanted to waste his time in listening to general principles, and he was not at present well enough informed as to the actual working of our present school system in the country districts to be able to sustain a fair examination, not to say to instruct others. Well, impatiently, couldn't he at least show his face, and let the people see that there was stuff enough in him to make a good commissioner? No, he didn't think he had any personal characteristics of form or feature that would make him an interesting object of public contemplation. If he had horns, like Moses, or were eight feet high like Barnum's giant, or could pierce the beholder with his eagle eye, like the heroes of modern novels, he should be willing to exhibit himself; but he really didn't find anything in the mirror which paid him for staring much, and he had never felt like inviting

other folks to stare at him. As to leaving his school and travelling around the country like an itinerant showman, that he couldn't do. He might or might not be commissioner, but he absolutely was principal of the Norway high-school, and he proposed to attend to his present duties until others were thrust upon him.

In despair his party made a final effort. A few days before the election, Tom Baker called on him with a serious brow.

"Hume," said he, "what do you suppose we nominated you for?"

"To beat Professor Cobb in caucus," replied Roderick promptly.

"Yes, but we expected you to get yourself elected."

"I didn't agree to."

"But if you had been reasonable, you would have had a walk-over. As it is, that miserable little stick of a Democratic candidate expects 500 majority; and I'm afraid he'll get it."

"Well, I hope he'll make a good commissioner."

"Yes, but what are you going to do, if you are defeated?"

"Why, teach school, to be sure."

"Well, Hume, it's my duty to tell you that if you are defeated you won't teach this school."

"What do you mean?" asked Roderick turning pale.

"I don't defend the action of the board," said Mr. Baker, nervously; "it was Mr. Coy's suggestion. But you know they are all Republicans, and they feel that you are not treating the party fairly. It seemed to

them that if you no longer had this position to fall back upon, you would take more interest in the canvass."

"So they dismissed me?" said Roderick, hoarsely.

"So they last night elected another principal to take your place on January first."

Tom Baker was ashamed of his errand, but he had not expected to see the philosophical, good-natured Roderick Hume so thoroughly roused. His eyes flashed, and he steadied himself by the back of a chair with some effort. After a pause, he spoke with a low, intense, hard voice.

"Let me be certain that I understand this whole matter aright," he said. "At the time of your caucus, you needed an available man to defeat Professor Cobb. You saw no one else but me. You came to me and asked me to run. I refused because I preferred my present position. You urged me, and persisted in forcing the nomination upon me, to my personal, professional and pecuniary loss. Immediately demands began to be made upon me. Mute Herring wanted a subscription for campaign expenses, and told me my share toward the paying for the printing of ballots and sending carriages for the aged and infirm voters would be a hundred dollars. I didn't believe it, but I paid him. Then came this controversy about puffing, and I was obliged to see my name disgraced by cards and paragraphs printed all over the county, which every reader supposed I wrote or paid for. Finally, because I refuse to yield to demands upon me which I believe to be unjust and unwise, the party whip is cracked over me through a party board of

education; and my school, for which I care more than for all the commissionerships in the State, is voted away from me to a man whose very name I do not know.

"Have I stated the facts correctly?"

"Yes, Hume, you have, and, by Jove, I am ashamed of the whole thing."

"Very good. Now go back and tell your party associates that their last scheme is successful. They have made it a question of bread-and-butter, and of course even my manhood must yield to that. The letters from politicians shall be answered; my position on public questions shall be defined; I will make a stirring appeal to the voters of the district. The

Vox comes out first, this very afternoon. Hurry over to the office and save me a column and a half. I will send them the copy before noon."

"I am sorry to seem to force you to this action, but it is certainly the wisest you can take," said Tom as he rather awkwardly withdrew.

The article was sent over in time, was hurriedly set up, and was printed at once in the afternoon *Vox*. It read as follows:

ONE CANDIDATE'S VIEWS.

To the Voters of the Second Commissioner District:

In the brief card in which I accepted the nomination which the Republican caucus did me the honor to confer, I stated that though necessarily ignorant of the practical working of the office of school commissioner, I had a high regard for its importance in our system of public instruction, and should, if elected, strive to make myself thoroughly acquainted with my duties, and to discharge them faithfully. It seemed to me then, it seems to me now, that this is about all an inexperienced man can safely and honestly say. But I find myself blamed for not

defining my position on various special topics; and as most of these are alluded to in letters which have been addressed to me, and which I have not yet taken occasion to answer, I embrace this opportunity at once to print the characteristic specimens of a rather curious correspondence, and to answer them publicly, that other correspondents and the community generally may judge something of the attitude I take.

First Letter.

ETTVILLE, Oct. 22, 1875.

R. HUME, Esq.,
Norway, N. Y.,

Dear Sir:—We have made some inquiries since the caucus which satisfy us that you are likely to make an able and judicious commissioner, and we propose to transfer to you the votes of our three hundred operatives, although many of the later are of strong Democratic proclivities. We shall excuse ourselves for thus participating in the canvass, because we are deeply interested in the cause of education, and desire that the children of our workmen, in particular, shall have every opportunity for improvement.

We write you at this time in order to prevent any prejudicing of your mind in regard to a disputed boundry between two neighboring districts here. The records have long been lost, but we have ample witnesses to prove that the boundary runs about four rods south of our mill property, leaving us in district No. 10. From the fact that there are several times as many children in No. 9, as in No. 10, thus rendering two schools necessary, strong effort has been made on the part of niggardly tax-payers in that district to run the district boundary some thirty rods north, to the road, thus including our property in No. 9. This dispute led to a protracted law-suit some years ago, in the midst of which the district was non-suited, because failing to raise the necessary amount for legal expenses. It has appealed several times to the present school commissioner, a very practical common-sense man, and he has invariably declined to interfere, on the ground that quarrelling between adjoining districts disturbs the peace and makes satisfactory teaching impossible.

We do not doubt that you will take this view, and write you thus early in regard to the matter, that you may have ample time to reply before election.

Wishing you a brisk canvass and a sweeping majority, we are

Yours respectfully,

Ettle, Ettle, & Co.

Answer.—Without knowing the facts of the case, except as here indicated, I have no doubt that the boundary-line runs through the road, and that Ettle, Ettle & Co. have for years saddled upon their workmen the school-tax which they should have paid themselves. If elected, I guarantee to give this matter my immediate and earnest attention.

Second Letter.

*Dear Sur:—*Hugginsville Nov twenty second Ime gladd to no you are nominated for the scool commishner is a exceedenly important offis the only thing is this folks sa you no 2 much and that you wont lisence nobody except on a hard examinashun nou larnin ant every thing and to carry out your ideer wood take off sum of our best teechers fur instins thars my darter Jane she has tort a good scool fer 17 yeers wood you examin hur or wood you sa here Jane experiens like yoors with good reckomens is better than grade larnin an renue hur stifkit makin many harts glad this is a test kweschun fer i am supervisor of this town an have bin 4 yeers please anser fur me an my nabors wants to no your humble servant Joel White

*Answer.—*If Miss Jane White has taught a good school for seventeen years, she has personally made great progress in every branch of a common-school education; for only by the momentum of her own self-improvement can a teacher interest her pupils in making the most of themselves. When Miss White presents herself for a certificate, I shall therefore examine her to the fullest extent in every branch established by the Code, including universal history and the use of school apparatus. A teacher of seventeen years' experience can be a candidate only for a first grade certificate, and failing to pass a creditable examination for that should drop out of a profession in which she herself violates the very rule of ambition and energy which she prescribes for her scholars.

Third Letter.

CONSTANTINOPLE, MACEDONIA CO., N. Y. }
November 24, 1875. }

RODERICK HUME,
Principal of High School,
Norway, Macedonia Co. N. Y.

*Sir:—*Pardon the liberty taken by a stranger in thus addressing you to learn before the coming election your views upon one of the most serious questions connected with our common-school polity—I refer to the reading of the Bible at the opening exercises of the public schools.

Without presuming to influence in any way a fixed opinion which I doubt not you have already formed, I take the liberty of sending you herewith a sermon upon this subject, prepared by the writer for the Sabbath preceeding our last National holiday, and printed by request. It is now in its third edition.

Trusting heartily to co-operate with you in every effort for the advancement of an education which shall be national, universal and Christian, I am

Yours respectfully,

OLLAPOD GULLIVER,
Pastor Presbyterian Church.

Answer.—I have read with great interest the Rev. Mr. Gulliver's ingenious and interesting sermon. I do not doubt that he states correctly the number of books and chapters and verses and words and letters in the Holy Book, and which are the middle one and the longest one and the shortest one, and which one contains all the letters of the alphabet. He will permit me to suggest, however, that the question he asks me is not one of statistics or of literature or of sentiment or even of religion. New York happens to be the one State in which, by repeated and uniform decisions of the highest legal authority, it has been for many years established that religious exercises can not be insisted upon during school hours, or on the part of any children who do not willingly participate.

Fourth Letter.

CHIMBORAZO, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1875.

DEAR MR. HUME:

What is your position with regard to *Corporal Punishment*? I warn you that we *ladies* are going to make our influence *felt* for once, and urge our *husbands* and *fathers* and *brothers* to vote for the candidate who believes in ruling by *love*. We give *you* the first opportunity to *gather our hearts at your feet*, and we promise to plead for you with *pretty looks* and *pretty speeches*, or with *tears* and *terrors* and *tongs*, if need be, provided you will *announce* yourself, as I am *sure* you are, in favor of the abolition of *physical* punishment.

As president of the largest organization of our sex in this county: *The Macedonia County Female Association for the Instruction of Mothers in their Duties towards the Rising Generation*, an association founded on the principles of Frœbel, but which has *developed* those principles further and *modified* them according to the *peculiar* genius of our *American* institutions—as president of this organization, I say, which numbers members in *every school district*, I make no idle boast when I say that your *success* or *defeat* at the polls will *depend* upon your *acceptance* or *rejection* of these overtures.

Most sincerely yours,

(Miss) LYDIA LITTLETON.

P. S.—I trust that an early reply will relieve us from the disagreeable *necessity* of offering our support to the *other* candidate. L. L.

Answer.—Ever since I was first led to give any reflection to the subject, it has been a standing wonder to me that the advocates of Woman Suffrage have not preceded their efforts by a preliminary education of their sex never to write letters or make speeches like the preceeding. There is forthcoming an election to the most responsible office in our school system. The qualifications required of the candidate are almost innumerable. He

must have education, or he cannot judge of the education of others. He must have integrity, judgment, tact, or he can not decide as to the success of teachers, or adjust the neighborhood quarrels about boundaries, or advise as to the continual misunderstandings about the hiring and dismissing of teachers, the relative rights of parents and children and trustees, and all the details of school economy and management. Above all, he must have an unimpeachable moral character, and must be in himself a model of sturdy, earnest manhood, alike to teachers and to the pupils among whom he is constantly travelling.

Men look at the commissionership in this broad light, and, however untrue they may be to their convictions, they know in their hearts that a man who lacks any of these characteristics is unfit for the office.

But woman, lovely woman, is seized with an impulse of sentimentality, and resolves that there shall be no more ferules in school. With her mind on that, she sees nothing else. I may have all the characteristics demanded by the office, or I may have none of them: that is nothing to her. But if I agree with her in her one impulse, the dear creature will lay her heart at my feet, and fight for me with pretty face and pretty speeches: yea, with tears and terrors and tongs.

Miss Littleton, it grieves me to decline this kind of support, but you must excuse me. I like to see a teacher strong enough to control his school without resorting to the rod, but I want to see him control the school, anyway. The final resort on which obedience is demanded and yielded must be either a whipping or expulsion. I think it better for the boy and better for the school that he should get the whipping, and a sound one.

I knew the president of a school-board looking for a new principal, who objected strenuously to one application.

"Why, he sends lots of recommendations," interposed a new member.

"Yes, but they say too d—d much about his Christian piety, and too little about his muscle," said the president.

He was a rude and profane man, Miss Littleton: but he had had experience.

Trusting that these four replies to these four letters sufficient—

ly indicate my views and intentions, I cast myself, fellow citizens,
upon your suffrages.

RODERICK HUME.

* * * * *

Tom Baker, Mute Herring and Squire Coy met on the street.

“Have you seen it?” asked Tom.

“Yes,” groaned the Squire; “of course that settles it.”

“I have been through this kind of thing before,” growled Mute Herring, viciously, “and sometime the boys will begin to believe what I say. Piety is bad enough, but a man with pig-headed principles has no business in politics.”

CHAPTER IV.

A PLIANT CANDIDATE.

Marcus Antonius Tippit was the sole offspring of Theodore Porson Tippit, A. M., M. D., deceased. Dr. Tippit had considerable professional skill, but no professional sagacity. He cured his wealthy patients as soon as he could, and attended the poor as long as they needed him. Consequently he left behind him hardly anything except his widow, his boy ten years old, and a reputation for being eccentric.

The widow Tippit was so hard of feature and so awkward of motion that she never dared to show how tender-hearted she was. Her parents did little for her except to name her, and the name they gave her was Tapioca. So Tapioca Blin, a penniless orphan before she was six years old, without a friend or a personal attraction, found her early path in life exceedingly rugged. But there was some quiet persistence about her, and when Theodore Tippit was a senior at Williams, she was a teacher in the village school, and occasionally met him at social gatherings.

When the class graduated, Tippit was on top, and he delivered the valedictory. For a wonder, he said something in it. Instead of dilating upon The Classical Ideal of National Supremacy, as Displayed in the Pages of Roman History, his subject was The

Tyranny of Possession. After showing how the healthy have no patience with illness, the rich with poverty, the educated with ignorance, the quickwitted with dulness, he dwelt mainly on social standards and prejudices. His brief personal remarks to the class were in the same strain, and he closed as follows:

"The present age is casting off general superstitions. One by one the victims of national persecution are rescued, till now slavery alone remains, and its days are numbered. The aggregate of injuries which insults to a class of men accumulate is an outrage upon justice too palpable to be endured.

"But the spirit of intolerance remains. We despise our fellow men, neglect and insult them. We judge hastily, we condemn harshly. We set up artificial standards, and pass by all who fall below. Fredrika Bremer writes in her autobiography ; 'I loved my mother tenderly and passionately, and longed above everything else in the world to please her. I failed herein completely. I walked badly, sat badly, courtesied badly ; and many bitter moments this cost me, because my mother wished her daughters to be perfect, as the heroines of romance are perfect.' She goes on to relate the plans she formed to put out her eyes, and shorten her life ; all because her mother had no kind word for a daughter who failed to make a graceful bow.

"We pass such judgments constantly. Some peculiarity in feature, habit, or expression inspires a prejudice to which we cling in pride of our discernment. Instead of overlooking or seeking to correct the faults of others, we suffer them to shadow the whole character, and cast their color on every action.

"It is not altogether true that man finds the world as he takes it. Not always does one meet in his intercourse with others a mirror which reflects his own feelings. Many a man has mingled with his fellows, his heart gushing with love and sympathy, and ready to see in every man a brother ; who in consequence of some unpleasant habit which courteous treatment would have dispelled, has been slighted, sneered at, driven to seclusion and misanthropy.

"There is something sad in this crushing of generous impulse. Its freshness, its vigor, its capacity for good can never be re-

stored. As he is the closest miser who has once been a spend-thrift, so he may feel the bitterest hatred of mankind who was once only too full of love and confidence.

“With such men we mingle every day. Their destiny is to be shaped by our charity or by our intolerance. Let us remember this, and echo in our actions the sentiment of Whittier:

“ ‘Cast not the clouded gem away;
Quench not the dim but living ray—
My brother man, beware !
With that deep voice which from the skies
Forbade the patriarch’s sacrifice,
God’s angel cries, ‘Forbear.’ ”

Tippit meant what he said. It reflected something of his own experience. He spoke with feeling, and as he walked down the centre aisle, the church shook with applause.

Just before he reached the door, his glance fell on Tappy Blin. She sat bolt upright, her features more rigid than ever in the effort to betray no feeling. But in one eye a big round tear had gathered itself and was ready to drop, while from the other a shining track lead down her cheek to where the tear had fallen and spotted her cheap merino dress.

Tippit received considerable attention that day, but nothing crowded out of his mind that face and those tears. At the President’s, in the evening, he saw Tappy sitting in a corner, forlorn and wistful. He went up to her at once, and spoke with his usual blunt directness.

“Miss Blin,” he said, “I had one listener to-day who sympathized with me.”

Poor, bashful young woman! She could only blush and stammer. She could not even repress or conceal the big gulp in her throat. But he did not seem to mind it, for he went right on to say, still

standing before her, and with half a dozen people within hearing distance :

“I am going away from here on Saturday. On Friday evening I want to call on you for an answer to this question : ‘Will you be my wife?’”

She had a true woman’s instinct, this big, shy, awkward girl ; and it flashed over her as a revelation that the hero of the day and of her heart really loved her—her, Tapioca Blin ! It was merciful in him to leave her without seeking an answer or even a glance. She was overwhelmed, and when she had finally managed to withdraw, and found herself alone in her little attic room, she felt no exultation, but only thankfulness as humble as it was profound.

She made him a good wife, and a happy one. She could never have shone in society, but Dr. Tippit did not care for that. He looked upon home as a nest built for three, which only he needed to leave. So little Tony had no teacher, no playmate, but his mother. When he was made fatherless, he had never so much as heard a harsh word.

At the funeral, people said that Mrs. Tippit showed very little feeling. She would not even take a last look at the remains under the eyes of the promiscuous crowd present, after the touching custom which undertakers have handed down to us. More than one wife in Jerico remarked, with a pursing of the lips, that if she lost her husband she would at least pretend to be sorry for it ; and ended in a dreamy tone, as she thought how becomingly the heavy, lustreless crape would contrast with her own fair complexion.

Whatever paroxysms of grief Tappy Tippit may

have indulged, she indulged in solitude. When she was with her boy, her one thought was: "How would He have wanted his son to be trained?"

The estate brought little more than enough for the funeral, the cemetery lot, and an unlettered but massive granite slab. The widow Tippit, as she was thenceforth called, secured the village school, and for years taught the other children by day and her own boy by night, till she had given him no meagre or shallow education. Gradually he began to assist her in school, and sometimes to take her place for a day or two, when she was ill. It was a proud day for both of them when the trustee said:

"Tony, you are man-grown, and the boys like you. Suppose I make the contract with you, instead of your mother?"

After that, he never permitted her to share in their support, but every day grew more and more like his father in tender thoughtfulness for her comfort.

He was not brilliant, or forcible, or even firm. But he had no bad habits, he was faithful to every duty, and he loved his mother. He succeeded pretty well in school. His sorest troubles grew out of the discipline, but he treated his boys honestly, and the best of them always stood by him. Besides, he was not without shrewd common-sense. He even spent a year at a normal school and came back without getting wisdom insured, for fear it would die with him. He was engaged to a bright young teacher in an adjoining district, and was to be married next Christmas, at which time he would have seven hundred dollars saved and she three hundred, so that they could start in life a

thousand dollars to the fore. In fact, the world used Tony Tippit kindly. Everybody liked him, and the convention applauded heartily when he was given the honorary nomination as Democratic candidate for school commissioner. He spent a merry evening with his mother and Lucy in preparing a letter of acceptance, and when it was published in three of the county papers, and signed in full caps, MARCUS A. TIPPIT, three persons laughed over it as a joke when together, but surreptitiously cut it out and pasted it away as soon as they were alone.

The next day after Roderick Hume's letter appeared in the *Vox*, a stranger called upon Tony at his school. Had Tony been better acquainted with the world, he would have seen that the stranger was too laboriously dressed for a gentleman, that his long mustache was waxed at the ends, and that his eyes had a scheming, pitiless glance.

"Mr. Tippit, I believe," he said, graciously but impressively, as Tony opened the door. "Can I see you for a few moments in private?"

Tony led him into the little ante-room, and gave him a chair.

"You are the Democratic candidate for school commissioner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to be elected?"

"Of course I should like to be, but a Democrat stands no chance in this county."

"How much would the election be worth to you, supposing it could be secured by perfectly fair means?"

Tony grew interested. This man seemed to know what he was talking about.

"I—I don't know," he replied.

"What salary do you get here?"

"Six hundred dollars."

"Very well. You would then get four hundred dollars a year extra,—twelve hundred dollars for the first term, and as much for the second: you know we always re-elect in this district. That makes twenty-four hundred dollars clear profit."

It had never seemed so large to Tony before. He really wished he could get it.

"Besides," the stranger went on, "it is doubtful whether you can keep your place if this Hume is elected. See what he writes to Joel White. He told a man the other day he would give no license for village schools except to college graduates—the miserable, conceited jack-a-napes. He ought to be beaten, just to take down his impudence."

Tony thought so too, and remembered with apprehension that his last certificate had nearly expired.

"Now, you think you can't be elected. I tell you that you can be, and that if you put yourself into my hands you shall be. Politics is a business. Neither you nor Hume know anything about it, but there is this difference, that he is too stupidly conceited to learn, while you, if I am correctly informed by those who know you, are ready to listen to reason."

Tony hoped that he was open to conviction.

"Well, Mr. Tippet, I can't prove to you what I think about this matter, any better than by showing you what I am ready to risk. You will admit I sup-

pose that my time and experience are worth something. Very well. I will devote myself entirely to your canvass from this hour to election, giving you all my time, night and day; for it's brisk work now. If you are elected, you shall pay me three hundred dollars. If you fail, you shall pay me nothing. That shows how I estimate your chances."

This certainly seemed fair, and Tony would consult his—his friends about it, and decide at once.

"But that won't do. Why, man, 'don't you know that the election is next Tuesday? In the mean time, you must visit every village in the district, besides drumming up every voter in Norway. Why, my dear fellow, do you suppose people are going to cast their ballots for you just because you are nominated? No, sir. They must see you, know you, like you, and not only vote for you themselves, but make their neighbors do so, too. The printed name 'Marcus A. Tippit' looks no better on a ballot than 'Roderick Hume,' and how is it to be anything more than a name unless they know Tony Tippit himself?"

This sounded reasonable, certainly, Tony admitted.

"Just here is where that man Hume makes a mistake. He is a cold, stuck-up-fellow that nobody likes, and he thinks people are going to vote for him because he graduated at a college. Now everybody that knows you likes you. They tell me this village will vote for you solid. All you want then is to have more folks know you, and to do that you must go where they are, and show that you value their support enough to ask for it. Don't you see?"

Tony saw, and asked the stranger what he would like to have him do.

“In the first place, as a matter of business, I want you to sign this paper, guaranteeing me three hundred dollars in case you are elected. That secures my services. Then I want you to close your school to-night, or put someone else in till election, and meet me at the American Hotel in Norway, this evening, prepared to begin work.”

The stranger's enthusiasm was contagious. Tony signed the paper, and agreed to come. He noticed that the paper made the stranger his agent for the rest of the campaign, and rather wondered what that meant.

* * * * *

When Tony Tippet reached the American Hotel, he felt uncomfortable. Though his mother had said nothing after she learned that he had signed the contract, he felt sure that she did not approve of it. He reflected that he had been too hasty, and he felt the impatient annoyance of one who has allowed himself to be outwitted.

But Billy Rudolph, his new political guardian, met him cordially, introduced him to half a dozen men whose names he had seen in newspaper reports of caucuses and conventions, and presently invited the whole party to supper.

The supper was a revelation to Tony. He knew food only as a necessity to existence, that cost money, and tasted well if one was hungry. Of three or four successive courses, and especially of such appetizing spices and sauces, he had never dreamed. Once or

twice he caught himself actually smacking his lips, and long before the meal was done he felt a burning thirst which water did not allay.

He had at first declined the wine, a smooth port which Rudolph had carefully selected, but he finally consented to taste it. How deliciously it cooled his dry tongue, and what a pleasant warmth it diffused under his waistcoat! He drank another glass, and presently awoke to the fact that he was sustaining his part of the conversation with vivacity, and even with brilliancy.

The discovery was as delightful as it was unexpected. Tony was naturally slow of thought and awkward in expression. He knew it, and had therefore been ill at ease among strangers. But there he was in a group of politicians, men whose names were in the paper almost every week, and yet so far from being awkward or bashful, he was telling his story and clinching his retort with the best of them. He seemed to be suddenly resolved into two men: an outer self sparkling with spontaneous wit, while a sort of inner self was whispering: "Take care, Tony; go slow, Tony; the first you know they'll find out that you're drunk."

But he wasn't drunk. Rudolph was watching him, and carried him off just when the exhilaration was at its height, and just after the politicians had drained a health to the coming commissioner, to which Tony had made a response decidedly creditable. In fact Tony would gladly have staid longer, and pleaded that he was too excited to rest. But Rudolph understood this part of his business thoroughly. He had Tony

asleep within half an hour, and in the morning he gave him two cups of strong coffee before he was fairly awake. He assured him that he had astonished everybody by his brilliancy the night before, and repeated scores of good things Tony had said, some of which Tony remembered, and some of which, for the best of reasons, he didn't.

The wisest men pride themselves more upon the imagined possession of some little power they really lack, than upon all the great powers they really possess. It was not strange, therefore, that Tony should exult in the newly-discovered ability to shine in conversation. He longed to get back to that half-unconscious state which is the acme of consciousness, and upon their visiting tour, next day, he drank freely even of unpalatable ale and lager, whenever, as Rudolph was constantly insisting, there was opportunity to win votes by treating the crowd. In fact he spent the whole week in a state that was almost tipsy; and yet so skilfully did Rudolph manage him, feeding him well, driving him all over the district behind a team of fast horses, and getting him to bed in good season, that he never lost his self-respect, and even learned to agree with his tutor that liquor is as necessary to a vigorous mind as food to a healthy body.

On the whole his campaign was well arranged and managed. He rather wondered that it was the saloon-keepers he had to visit, instead of the lawyers and doctors and ministers. But Rudolph explained that lawyers and doctors and ministers only controlled their individual votes, not having time or taste for politics; while bar-tenders have little else to talk of

between drinks, and are always safe for fifty votes apiece, and upward.

Sunday he spent at home. It was a sad day for his mother. Full well she knew how to account for his restlessness, his unstrung nerves, his eager recital of his triumphs, his impatience for Monday and more of them. But she listened with a patient smile. She uttered no word of remonstrance or discouragement. She knew that he was in bad hands, and that he needed all his strength to get through the next two days without disgrace. So she encouraged him, petted him, prayed for him. In the morning she sent him off with a light heart. But her own heart was heavy, heavy.

Monday was devoted to clinching the voters of Norway. Tony was in high good humor, and after a well-balanced dinner for a dozen, which Rudolph had as usual ordered charged to himself, Tony said:

"See here, Billy, you are spending your money pretty freely for me. It's time I paid my share." And in the innocence of his heart he pulled out a ten-dollar bill.

Rudolph smiled contemptuously under his mustache, but said in a tone of hearty good fellowship:

"O that's all right. I undertook to see you elected, and I propose to do it. But the thing is sure now, and if you want to give me a hundred dollars on account, it will come in handy."

A hundred dollars! That was a good deal of money to a man who had worked so hard as Tony to save it. But he couldn't well refuse. Besides, his election

was certain, and this hundred was only one of the three he would owe Billy Rudolph.

So he went over to the savings bank and drew the money. Rudolph was so hungry for it, that he entered the bank with Tony, and stood looking on as the book was handed in. The cashier, a kind old gentleman of long experience, looked at Rudolph suspiciously, and at Tony questioningly.

"This is the first money you have drawn," he said to Tony. "I hope you are going to use it for a good purpose?"

"Yes, sir; to pay some of my bills for campaign expenses," he said. But he felt uncomfortable again, and passed over the crisp twenty-dollar notes rather reluctantly.

Billy Rudolph's impulse was to clutch them, so eager was he for money, but he took them nonchalantly, folded them up carelessly, laid them away in his vest-pocket like a toothpick, and sauntered down the street as though nothing had happened. As a matter of form, he handed Tony a receipt for one hundred dollars on account of services rendered, and induced Tony, as a matter of form, the thing being now certain, to give a note for the other two hundred and close the matter up.

"Excuse me one moment," he exclaimed of a sudden, assuming that a boy who had just passed had beckoned to him. He walked back to the boy, pretended to be engaged in earnest conference, and then came back to Tony in great distress.

"My sister is worse," he said; "she has been ill all the week, and only my interest in you has kept

me from her. But she has sent for me, and as there is really nothing more to be done, I think I shall have to go to her. Will you excuse me until to-morrow? You will find the fellows at Tommy's."

Tony urged him to go at once to his sister, and even offered to go with him. But this Billy would not permit, as it was desirable for Tony to keep himself in sight and mind till election.

"But I do really hope you will find her better," said Tony, wringing Rudolph's hand, and with tears in his eyes.

"I hope so, too," said Rudolph, manfully concealing his agitation, and hurrying away.

Tony looked after him for a moment, and then went on to Tommy's. Had he looked longer after Rudolph, had he followed him, he would have seen him enter a low saloon, and pass through it, up a pair of back-stairs, to where several men were handling cards. Had he remained, he would have seen Rudolph sit at a greasy table, lit by a smoky kerosene lamp, and buckle down to another struggle with that tiger of whose claws and teeth he bore so many hidden scars. He would have seen him sit there hour after hour, now winning, now losing, but still intent, insatiable, imperturbable. About four o'clock in the morning he would have seen him rise from the table without a penny, and leaving behind him Tony's note for the two hundred dollars. Then he would have seen him retire with as much dignity as if he had been a winner, walk slowly to his own scantily-furnished room, lay away his clothes deliberately and exactly, throw open his bed, pause a moment with his

eye on a loaded revolver to think whether he was yet ready to blow his brains out, decide on the whole to wait awhile longer, go to bed, lie for awhile determining where was the turning-point in his luck, and fall asleep cursing himself for not having stopped at that instant.

But Tony knew nothing of this, for he had gone on to Tommy's. Tommy's was an institution. It was an excellent restaurant, a quiet drinking-place, a room of general resort for men who enjoy themselves best away from home. The cooking was the best to be had in the village, and business men, professional men, now and then a clergyman, might be seen there at dinner or supper time. The kitchen was kept open till two or three o'clock, but towards midnight the orders for drinks were interspersed but seldom with demands for roast oysters or Welch rarebits. There was no boisterous drunkenness. If a customer became noisy, he was inveigled into a quiet room overhead, where he could sleep himself sober. Most of the citizens of Norway felt at liberty to drop in there at any hour. In fact Tommy's was considered eminently respectable.

About eleven o'clock, that night, Mute Herring stopped in, on his way home. His work for the morrow was done—well done, he thought. The Republicans would elect every candidate except school commissioner. He felt sore over that, but the fault wasn't his, and the boys would learn a lesson that might be of value in making nominations for more important places. So Mute felt tolerably contented, and he

treated himself to a glass of ale at Tommy's, partly to congratulate himself, and partly to see if anything new was talked about there. It wasn't a bad place to get hints of Democratic projects.

As he entered, a party of half-a-dozen were making merry in a farther corner. One of them, a little fellow with an inoffensive mustache, was seated on one end of the table and telling a story.

"The minute Jack Harkins came into the school-room," he was saying, "I knew that he meant business. He had cleaned out two or three teachers in the village he had moved from, and he was going for me, Well, I looked at him, and I saw that I was gone. He was not only bigger and stouter, every way, but he had the sort of an eye which shows something more than brute strength. I saw that my being older and a teacher didn't weigh with him a bit. There was no shuffling, underhanded manner about him. He just looked me square in the eye as much as to say, 'I am bigger and stouter and smarter every way than you are, and you know it.' The joke of it was, I did know it, and I was in a bad box.

"Well, I got through the afternoon as well as I could, being careful not to see that he did anything out of the way, and when school closed I asked him to stay. A glance passed around among the boys, and he smiled in a self-satisfied way; but he sat still.

"After the boys were gone, I walked down the aisle to his seat. I could see him brace himself as if he thought I was going to grab him; but instead of that I sat down on the other side of the aisle, and spoke to him good-naturedly.

“‘Jack,’ I said, ‘you think you can lick me, don’t you?’

“‘Yes, sir,’ he replied, ‘I do.’

“‘Well, now, that’s a most remarkable coincidence,’ I said, ‘for I think so, too.’

“He looked up surprised.

“‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I haven’t the slightest doubt that you can absolutely maul me. I am small and you are big. Besides, I don’t know anything about fighting, and you have got your hand in by good deal of practice, I take it?’

“He said he had kerflummuxed around some.

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘you were intending to lay me out this afternoon, I suppose?’

“He looked a little shame-faced, as he acknowledged that he had developed a little plan of that sort.

“‘Well, Jack,’ I said, ‘we both agree that you can do it, so suppose we call it done, which will save our clothes if not our feelings. Consider me thoroughly licked. Now, what comes next?’

“This was a new tack that he wasn’t prepared for.

“‘You’re a kind of a funny teacher,’ said he.

“‘Not particularly,’ I replied. ‘Some teachers might think their dignity required them to try and thresh you, like the darkey who said that if the Lord told him to butt through a stone-wall, he didn’t know whether he should butt through it, but he knew he should butt at it like de debil. But in his place I should have grave doubts whether it was the Lord that told me, and save my head till I was entirely certain. And in this case I don’t see why two persons man-grown, like you and me, should fight like

a couple of village dogs over a matter they can just as well settle by a sensible straight-forward talk.'

"It flattered him to be treated on an equality like this, and he looked up with a good-natured smile.

"'I don't believe I should want to lick you, anyway,'" he said.

"'I confess, I don't see why you should,' I replied. 'I think this whole notion of fighting between teachers and scholars is rather a tradition than a feeling. In the old times, when school couldn't begin till a cart-load of green withes was hauled up to the door, it may have been natural for the big boys to defend themselves. But I'm sure I am always ready to do three times as much for my boys as I ask them to do for me. I don't believe, for instance, anybody could be more willing than I am to help you all I can this winter to make the most of your time and get all the profit you can out of school. But of course we have got to understand one another first, and I knew you were old enough and manly enough to talk this matter over and come to some decision as to how we are to treat each other.'

"The fellow stood up with tears in his eyes.

"'Mr. Tippit,' he said, 'I am a d——d fool, and you are a gentleman. If any boy in this school gives you trouble this winter, I'll skin him alive.'

"I never had so easy a term, but somehow or other it crept out what kind of a talk we had had, and that I owned up he could lick me. I suppose he told the story himself with some embellishments. He was human, like the rest of us.

"At any rate, the next winter another boy, a big,

hulking fellow, thought he should like to have it to brag of that I had made a treaty of that kind with him. I got wind of what was coming, and I caught him up before the whole school. He had thrown a paper wad, expecting to be kept after hours.

“‘Fred Whipple, you may come here,’ I called out at once, drawing a big ruler from my desk.

“‘This wasn’t quite according to the programme he had laid out, but he went far enough to say :

“‘I expect you to come to me.’

“‘All right,’ I replied, and I got there in three strides. Before he knew whether he was standing on his head or his feet, I had him in one corner, pummelled till he was sore and blubbering for mercy.

“‘I—I—I thought you would treat me as you did Jack Harkins,’ he sobbed.

“‘Don’t you know that when the donkey put on the lion’s skin, he was detected as soon as he opened his mouth?’ I replied. ‘You stupid fellow I have heard you bray for three months.’”

Loud laughter and clinking of glasses followed the story, and the party settled back for a round of drinks.

“‘They are good enough for another hour,” said Mute Herring to himself, as he skipped out of the room. “We’ll elect Hume after all, in spite of himself.”

An important question to be decided at the next day’s election was that of license or no-license to sell liquor in the various towns of the county. It had been kept clear of politics, but the no-license organization was strong, and the feeling on the subject was earnest and even bitter.

To the house of the president of the no-license organization Mute rapidly betook himself, and soon roused him out of bed for an important consultation.

"Do you want to carry this district to-morrow?" he asked. "Then put on your clothes and come with me."

When they entered Tommy's, Tony was telling another story, but he was already tipsy, and the tone of the anecdotes had changed.

"To tell the truth," said Tony, "she was the prettiest-built girl that I ever had in school. She was just sixteen,—"

"That man is the Democratic candidate for school commissioner," said Mute to the temperance reformer; "do you want to see him elected?"

"It would be a pollution," was the reply.

"I am told that you have a man here who sometimes acts as an informer; who can slip into a party like that, play hale-fellow well met, drink as much as the best of them, and yet keep a clear head to carry out any little special work he has to do."

The temperance man was rather surprised that Mute knew it, but he acknowledged the fact. Some whispered consultation followed, and half an hour afterward a jolly-looking stranger with a five-dollar bill in his pocket had joined the convivial party.

About the same time the *Vox* printing-office was lit up, and the compositors were kept busy till morning.

* * * * *

About half-past seven the next morning, the few voters gathered about the poll in Norway saw two drunken men approaching.

"He *has* been on a tare," remarked a ballot-peddler, pointing to the younger one.

Indeed he looked so. He had fallen and was coated with mud, his shirt-front was stained with liquor, his bloodshot eyes rolled aimlessly, he reeled till his legs twisted, and his voice was hardly articulate.

"Say, ol' feller," he remarked confidentially to the first man he reached, taking him by the button-hole and struggling to look him in the eye, "say, ol' feller, I-I-I'm the Kemodratic c-c-candidate for cool scomishner, 'n-n-n I want you to vote for me. W-w-will you do it?"

The man tried to shake him off, but in vain. Tony was drunk, and he had a drunken man's persistency. The citizen looked annoyed. By what seemed a pre-concerted arrangement, a constable at once approached, arrested Tony for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and carried him off to the house of a neighboring justice of the peace.

Tony struggled with the constable, and his maudlin companion shouted so loud in trying to rescue him, that the whole village was aroused. So an eager crowd followed the party to Judge Babbitt's.

Strange to say the justice was all ready, an immediate trial was ordered, prompt conviction was rendered, and a fine of ten dollars and costs was imposed.

Tony had no money, nobody cared to lend him any, and the justice ordered him to be locked up. At this instant, Roderick Hume, who had heard something of what was going on, rushed into the room, took in the situation at a glance, paid the fine, and agreed to take care of Tony himself. He sent for a hack, got Tony

into it, and directed the driver to make for Jericho with all speed.

Looking out of the window, he saw that some one ahead had left a paper at every door. One copy had been dropped by the roadside. Roderick stopped the carriage and picked it up. It was a *Vox Populi* extra, mainly devoted to an article in big type headed :

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE SERMON.

A DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE ON A DRUNK.

TONY TIPPIT ARRESTED.

DEMOCRATIC IDEAL OF A SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

VOTE FOR RODERICK HUME, AND NO LICENSE.

The paper contained a detailed account of the trial just held, even stating the amount of the fine. Roderick swore the biggest oath that ever passed his lips, and put his head through the window.

"Driver," he said, "can you see the man that is dropping these papers?"

"I could awhile ago," replied the driver; "he must be a mile ahead."

"Get to Jericho before he does, and I will give you five dollars," said Roderick.

The horses started on a gait to which they had long been unaccustomed, but all in vain. When the carriage drove up to Tony's cottage, his mother had the paper in her hand. There was a hard, dry look about her eyes that troubled Roderick more than lamentations could have done. She came out to the door of the hack, and looked at her boy. There he lay in a stupor, covered with his own vomit. Neither spoke,

as Roderick and Mrs. Tippit, assisted by the driver, carried the filthy carcass into the house, and laid it away upon a bed. Roderick gave the man a five-dollar bill, and told him he need not wait. Then he came back into the house.

"Mrs. Tippit," he said, "I am Roderick Hume, the other candidate for school commissioner. Your son's condition is the result of a base and scandalous trick on the part of persons in my party to elect me although the people don't like me. I want to say to you that I shall refuse to profit by this plot, but that I shall ferret out the scamp who conceived it, and hold him up to the just execration of all respectable men."

Mrs. Tippit shook her head.

"You are kind and generous," she said, "and I must tell you why this indelible disgrace is probably a blessing to my Tony." Here she hesitated. Then she said in low and hurried tones: "My father, Mr. Hume, fills a drunkard's grave. His father was a drunkard. Their poisonous blood runs in my veins, and in Tony's. I had hoped he would never taste liquor. I have never dared even to caution him against it, lest it should enter his thoughts and stay there. Now that he has acquired the appetite, I believe nothing less than this can save him. It is terrible to say it, it is more terrible to feel it: but I had rather see him lie there like that, as the result of his first experience, than to see him elected to office. I—I hope that you will let him keep the school, Mr. Hume. This never happened before. If he stays at home here with me, I think it will never happen again."

“Mrs. Tippitt,” said Roderick, taking her hand and looking at her earnestly, “if I am elected, and if, taking your word that it is really the only way to save your son, I quietly accept the office, I promise to be your friend and his. My first official act shall be to give him a certificate for the entire three years of my term.”

He walked back to Norway slowly and thoughtfully, and spent the afternoon at home. When the returns came in, he found himself elected by a majority of forty-three.

* * * * *

It was a week before Tony was clear-headed. When he was able to attend to business, his mother handed him a pile of bills. Here were charged the suppers at Tommy's, all the hotel bills, boxes of twenty-five-cent cigars, gallons of liquor, horses at twenty dollars a day. The footing exceeded three hundred dollars.

He was about to refuse to pay, on the ground that he had ordered none of these things, but supposed they were furnished by Billy Rudolph. But he was informed that Billy Rudolph had ordered them as his agent, and had shown written authority for so doing. Then Tony remembered the contract, and paid the bills. He also remembered the note for two hundred dollars. To be sure, there had been no consideration; but he found that the note had passed into the hands of a third party, and he had to pay it. Before he had settled his campaign expenses, he had drawn his last dollar from the savings bank.

He looked at Lucy, and sighed.

“O Lucy, Lucy,” he almost sobbed, “to think that

except for this we should have been married on Christmas."

"Except for this?" she repeated, blushing rosily: "why you silly fellow, this makes it absolutely necessary. If you can't take any better care of your money, you will be never safe till you have somebody to take care of you."

So they were married, and they lived contentedly. But Tony will never run for office again. Nor has he again tasted liquor.

CHAPTER V.

TWO PEDLERS.

The town of Alaska was separated from the rest of Macedonia County by a range of high hills, extending south-east. In fact, Alaska never should have belonged to Macedonia County at all, for it was more nearly related both geographically and commercially to the adjoining county on the west. Through this county, three or four miles over the line, ran the New York City and Behring's Straits R. R., which crossed the Central at Picayuna, not twenty miles off. All produce was shipped this way; all trading was done at this market, or at the nearer station, Lippitburgh. Only a particularly exciting district caucus could entice an Alaska man to Norway, for the distance in an air line was twenty-five miles, and the big hill added full ten miles more.

Down this big hill toward Constantinople, the only village in the town of Alaska, there trudged, one bright morning in early January, a young fellow carrying a pedler's pack. An old blue army overcoat was the only thing about him that looked American. Any one of a dozen other details stamped him a German, of that type which we erroneously but persistently call Dutch. He looked good natured, patient, awkward. His heavy hair hung straight down his forehead, and

had been trimmed by covering his head with a huge bowl and cutting off even with the brim all the locks which reached below it. His pack was big, but it was light, and he was humming to the air of a popular waltz the song from EGMONT :

*“Freudvoll und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein,—”*

Just as he got to “*Zum tode betrübt*,” a voice called out from a cross-road :

“Hulloa, Dutchman !”

No German fails to resent this title, and the pedler replied, without turning his head :

“I pe no Tutchman.”

“Where are you going ?” persisted the inquirer.

“Going to mint mint own pizziness,” replied the pedler sturdily.

“O come now, don’t be bearish,” continued the other ; “what do you peddle ?”

“Notions.”

“I am a pedler too.”

“You peddle ? Vot you peddle ?”

“Cheek.”

“You carry a larch und faried assortment.”

“Do you see that magazine ?” and the stranger drew a meagre-looking periodical from his coat pocket.

“Yaw, I see him.”

“I have taken nearly twelve thousand subscribers to that magazine in two and a half years.”

The German eyed him for a moment.

“Do you carry de supscripers aroundt mit you ?”

It was a cruel question. The stranger’s tall, bony, awkward body was scantily covered by a threadbare

black suit far too small for him. His hands, which seemed all knuckles, were bare and red with cold. His boots were cracked, and showed through the seams sometimes the stocking, and sometimes a hole in the stocking. His nose was nipped, and needed attention from a larger handkerchief than the little rag which now and then did service. Pinching poverty griped him with a tight clutch, and grinned from every angle. But it had not wholly conquered him. He still struggled to be neat, and bravely maintained the assumption of a prosperous and stylish young gentleman. As the German looked longer he looked more kindly.

“Vot pe your name?” he asked.

“Contents Cadwallader,” replied the stranger, encouraged by this show of interest. “Queer name isn’t it? You see the first four children in our family were brothers, and father called them Mathew, Mark, Luke and John. He had got rather tired of boys, and wanted a girl. When the next one proved to be a boy, too, he declared he had had enough, and named him Finis. But there came another one after all, and they called him Appendix; still another and they called him Supplement; then me, and they called me Contents. I don’t know what they would have done for the next one, but my mother did not live to hear me cry, and I remained the baby of the family.”

“If de papy taken zwelf tousan supscripers, how many moost de rest get?”

Mingled with the sarcasm of this question was a certain friendliness that Con was quick to detect, and under which his bravado melted.

“I have told you my name,” he said to the German; “tell me what to call you.”

"Gottlieb Krottenthaler."

"Just say that over, please."

"Gottlieb Krottenthaler. You pe one leetle deef, don't it?"

"No, but I should be dumb if I had to say that name very often. Well Coatleave Cotton-Tallow, I'm going to tell you a funny thing. When I said I had taken nearly twelve thousand subscribers, I should have been eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine more exact if I had said I had taken nearly one. I have been at it six weeks, and I havn't got a single name."

"Ish dot so? You haf pluck, an't it?"

"Some pluck, but it is most gone. Cotton-tallow, I don't see why I should do it, but I'm going to tell you a funnier thing yet."

"Vell, vell, tell him."

"Cotton-tallow, I haven't slept in a bed for two weeks or eaten a meal of victuals since night before last."

Tears started in the poor fellow's eyes, half from physical weakness, half from shame at having revealed his destitution to a stranger.

"Dot *pe* foony," said the German, as immovable as if he had just listened to some statistics of the Sandwich Islands, "but I know somedings foonier as dot. You see dot gast-house, dot hotle, in de vil-lage?"

"Yes."

"Vell, you und I pe going straight after dot, und we pe going to eat in dot de piggest deener vot nefer vas."

This was too good to be true. Con's eyes shone, but he was doubtful.

"Isn't it rather late for dinner?" he asked, looking at the sun more than two hours past the meridian.

"Mein freund," said Gottlieb, "I see you haf not travel mooch. You go to dot hotel at zwoelf hour, vot you get? You get von slice roast bif, paked mit all de juice out, cut across de grain, mit all tough und no taste. You get zwei poiled pottitoes, mit de skin off, all kolt und vatory. You get some tick slice of pread, und putter streaked by de knives of de oder boarders. You get von tin piece of pie, mit all lard und no filling. Und you pay feefty cents. Don't it?"

Con admitted that it was a fair picture, but all the same he wished himself set down to that very table.

"Now you go to dot same hotle, after all de meal pe cleared away, und you says, 'Meester, I pe late, but I vont some deener.' He says, 'All right; in a few meenutes.' Den pooty soon de pell ring, und you go into de room und vat you fint? You fint a pig slice von ham, mit de brown und white streaks, und drei fried eggs, turned ofer und de yolks yoost barely solid. You fint a coop of fresh-made tea, strong und steeped, not poiled. You fint a saucer of home put-up peaches, yellow und luscious in tick sirup. You fint two kints of rich cake, von mit spices in zwei streaks, und von shtuffed mit pig raisins. You fint a whole quarter of mince pie, von eench tick, shtrong mit cloves und allspice und prandy. Und ven you eat all dese dings und dink you nefer eat no more, you ask de landlord how mooch, und he say: 'Feefty cents; ferry sorry dot you vas too late for de regular

deener.' You paysh the money, und you pe not sorry."

Gottlieb had kept a side glance directed toward Contents Cadwallader, and he noted with satisfaction how his description of the prospective dinner had excited the starving fellow. On the ham, his pace quickened, with the eggs his stride became a foot longer, and by the time he heard of the mince-pie, he fairly flew.

"I reesk put he pe hoongry enough," thought Gottlieb to himself. And when they reached the tavern he induced the landlord to furnish a bill of fare almost identical with that he had prophesied.

Con was inclined to be ravenous, but Gottlieb impressed upon him that there was plenty of food and plenty of time, and led him to talk freely of himself and how he became a magazine agent.

He had been a teacher since he was man-grown, he said. He began in his own district, and had taught in half-a-dozen others in Scotia and Bombay. He had a fair knack of getting along with the boys, but he hadn't much scholarship, and that was a fact. This hadn't bothered him any under Squire Legg, because he had managed never to attend any examinations, and Legg had always sent him his certificate by mail. But when this Hume was elected, Con made no effort to get a winter school. He knew it was useless to try to get his certificate renewed, for Hume had published a letter to one of the supervisors, during the campaign, saying that he would license nobody except graduates of colleges or normal schools, or old teachers that could pass a good deal harder examina-

tion than either. Con thought he might possibly have risked a trial in arithmetic and geography and grammar, and he was a whole team on spelling; but when it come to universal history and the use of school apparatus, he didn't want to be counted in. In the five years he had taught school, the only school apparatus he had come across was a ferule, and he hadn't any rule for using that except that when he felt sort of sweaty between the shoulder-blades he knew the boy needed to have it laid on. In short he had to give up teaching because he knew he couldn't get a certificate.

"Vot ees dot vot you call steefkeet?" interrupted the German.

O, that was the teacher's badge of office. Nobody could draw any pay for teaching school, unless he could get the school commissioner to give him a certificate. Some commissioners were liberal fellows who would give a certificate to anybody. Others were as particular as an old maid, and always insisted on a long examinaition. Legg was liberal and Con got his certificate easily. Hume was particular and Con couldn't get one at all. It was tough, for there was a district near the village where the teacher was going to leave next week, and where the trustee offered Con the place if he could only get a certificate.

"But how ees dees;" asked the German, "dot von commish pe so easy und von so hart? Ees it not some law dot tells how und vy de steefkeet shall pe kive?"

O yes, there was a sort of law, but it was general and indefinite. As a matter of fact, certificates depended very much on the humor and caprice as well

as the judgment of the commissioner, and especially upon his chances for re-election. Legg, for instance, licensed everybody, but he graded the certificate according to the applicant's political influence. At his first examination, Jenny White was present. He called her up, and asked her to write her name and address. "Why, isn't your father Joel White, who was a delegate to the caucus?" "Yes." "Miss White, what day of the month is it?" "The 17th, I think; or the 18th. I guess it is the 18th." "Yes, Miss White, it is the 18th. You are right. I see that you are accurate. Accuracy is the sheet-anchor of the teacher. You are evidently of the correct stamp, Miss White." And he filled her out a first grade, and renewed it when the three years were up, without her even applying. As for Con, he never had any political friends or even any store clothes, and so he got a third grade every time. But that was good enough for him. He only wished he could get another, but alas! those halcyon days had departed.

Well, when he found out that Hume was elected, Con began to look about for some kind of work that didn't require a license. He saw an advertisement of agents wanted at a fabulous salary. He answered it and got a circular, a copy of which he still had with him.

Con said he was encouraged to undertake the project because the thing was all laid down for him. Here were printed directions for conducting the conversation, which he had only to commit to memory and follow.

The directions began as follows :*

“Good morning; is Mrs. Jones in?” “I am Mrs. Jones.” “My name is John Smith, from Paudunk. May I have a few minutes conversation with you?” This is sufficient to admit the agent to the house, where he should sit down without any thought of leaving TILL HE SHALL HAVE FINISHED HIS BUSINESS; but with a determination to make himself AGREEABLE and his conversation agreeable to those present. If, in passing in, there should be no occasion for a few general remarks by way of introduction, the agent, as soon as he shall be seated, may begin at once as follows:

I am one of several persons who are seeking to do good and make money by introducing *Wood's Household Magazine* to those who are not already subscribers. And we proceed upon the assumption that good thoughts are the most useful and important things to have. Every child and grown person must *think* constantly. You know this by your own experience; and *good* thoughts make us good, and *bad* thoughts make us bad. The chief difference between a saint and a savage is, that the thoughts of one are good and pure and ennobling, while those of the other are sensual and senseless. Yet, comparatively, how few parents realize the fact sufficiently to be willing to do for children what they should. For instance, Mrs. Jones, what amount of money, probably, do you spend for periodicals and books which are especially designed to encourage your children to read and think and know what will make them cheerful, warm-hearted, pure-minded, thoughtful and cultivated men and women? Of course it does not concern me what you spend or what you buy, except that you talk about it for our mutual benefit.”

After hearing any general remarks which Mrs. Jones shall make on this subject, you should cheerfully acknowledge all the merit that may be fairly claimed for any or all articles enumerated, and encourage her to discuss the peculiar merits of each. After which you may continue: “Now, then, Mrs. Jones, I think you will agree with me that the general views which I have endeavored to elucidate are eminently calculated to assist in pro-

* The author pleads guilty at once of plagiarism and anachronism, and offers as an excuse that no flight of imagination could approach the reality. These directions are copied word for word from a catalogue and prospectus for 1879 of *Wood's Household Magazine*.

viding for the child the best means for his intellectual and moral growth. You will also agree with me that the editors or makers of our magazines and books should thoroughly understand this matter, in order that they may work with an intelligent purpose. Yet I know of but one editor who does—I refer to the renowned S. S. Wood, editor of *Wood's Household Magazine*. And I think that you will still further agree with me that Mr. Wood's magazine is exceedingly well adapted to the various needs of the family. Being the authorized agent for this locality, I would like to show you a specimen copy for the present year."

With this remark you should draw from your pocket the *Magazine* referred to, and you will do well to conceal all signs of the book until you shall have reached this point. But before commencing to show the *Magazine* you should remark further, that, "But there is one feature of the *Magazine* to which I would first call your attention. You may or may not be aware of the fact that the really smart things that make any author's reputation are but a small proportion of all his published writings. Even a single paragraph has made some men famous. Hence, those magazines and papers that use only original matter are obliged to publish the MANY ordinary articles to secure the few that are extraordinary. Mr. Wood's plan is to glean the greater part of his matter from the whole world of literature, instead of being confined to the original production of a few of the best authors. By this means he is enabled to present from month to month a royal scrap book, including many of the choicest treasures of the best minds concerning the various subjects treated."

You are now prepared to enumerate the several departments, after which the various articles in each should be briefly characterized, and sum up the case in something like the following:

"Now, as we have already seen, every mind must have something to think about. It needs fireside thoughts, thoughts of our own and foreign countries, temperance thoughts, religious thoughts, thoughts pertaining to our health, and thoughts about the various occupations and professions—thoughts for growing wiser, better, more useful and more happy. And here you have them all in monthly instalments, served up in the most conven-

ient and attractive manner ; and for all the small sum of two dollars a year. Let me see—what is your address ?”

At this point you should produce your subscription list and proceed to write the address just as though it would be given as a matter of course. In case Mrs. Jones declines to give her address and subscription, you should encourage her to state frankly and fully the reasons, in order that you may meet them with fair arguments.

Should Mrs. Jones still interpose objections, say to her that you are aware of the fact that you have no right to expect her to subscribe for the MAGAZINE until she wants it, and that, when she wants it, she will find a way to get it at least for six months, and that your failure to make her want it must be owing to your feeble attempt to present a few of its many excellencies, and that lest you should be obliged to confess to Mr. Wood your lack of ability as an agent, you will try, try again. And so go back to some particular point and try, try again. And go to work with the determination to succeed *if it takes all summer*.

Then inquire the name of the next family, and proceed to introduce yourself to them.

Be enthusiastic, and be always courteous and pleasing, whether treated cordially or otherwise ; but stick like a pitch plaster to a pine plank, until the name and full address, at least for three months, shall have been recorded on your list.

Should you at any time during the interview lose the attention of Mrs. Jones, stop at once and find it. Her presence may be required in another room, in which case you should adapt yourself to circumstances and go where it will be most convenient for her to listen. Apologize for the intrusion upon her time and attention, and justify such intrusion by *a desire to do good and make money*.

Con had repeated these instructions glibly, like a memorized exercise at school, and concluded :

“ There, Cotton-tallow, that’s about the whole of it, though it isn’t more than about a quarter of what I learned. The rest is made up of highly decorated conversation, in which these same ideas are repeated,

over and over again: to make them stick, I suppose."

Gottlieb had listened, reflectively and rather incredulous.

"You haf a paper vot tell you to do dees?"

"Yes."

"To shtop de lady of de house in de meeddle of her vork, und to say you moost consoolt mit her apout de true, de goot und de bootiful?"

"Yes."

"To preach mit her for half an hour, und den say she moost supscripe or else show some goot reason?"

"Yes."

"To tell her, if she ton't supscripe, dot you vill pegin und do it all ofer again?"

"Yes."

"Und if she koes off, to tell her you will follow her all ofer de house, till she supscripes for dree monts anyvay?"

"Yes."

"Show me dot paper."

Gottlieb took the circular, and pretended to read it diligently.

"Why, Cotton-tallow," said Con, "you have got it upside down."

"All recht. I pe cross-eyed up und down," replied the German, with offended dignity. But Con was not quite satisfied.

"Just read me what comes before the last paragraph; it has slipped my mind," he said suspiciously.

"I like not to reat after tinner; he hurt mine eye," said Gottlieb handing back the prospectus. "Reat him yourself."

“Never mind, never mind,” replied Con, good-naturedly, reflecting that all men have their weaknesses, and that Gotlieb had given him a good dinner, anyway.

“But mit all dese tell-you-how’s, you haf taken no supscripers. How ees dot?”

“Well, you see,” said Con, “I suppose it is all right, but I never had any chance to go through it. It never seemed to fit, someway. The first house I called at, the name was Jones, sure enough, which I thought was a good omen. So I rang the bell, and asked as soon as the door opened:

“‘Is Mrs. Jones in?’

“But the answer wasn’t, ‘I am Mrs. Jones,’ as I expected; but,

“‘Yes, sir, she is. What do *you* want with her?’

“The fact is, it was Mr. Jones who came to the door, and he was the crossest looking Jones I ever laid eyes on. I had my mind so made up to carry on my conversation with her, that I replied, stammering a little:

“‘I-I should like to see her in private.’

“‘O you would, eh? Well what do want to see her in private about?’

“That threw me back upon my prospectus.

“‘I am one of several persons who are seeking to do good and make money by introducing Wood’s Household Magazine—’

“‘O you are, eh?’ he replied; ‘well I can tell you what else you are. You are the one of those several persons who are seeking to do good and make money that’s going to be kicked down my front steps in just four seconds.’

“ Well—I wasn’t kicked down. But I went down. It didn’t seem worth while to make the rest of my speech. I couldn’t get at Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Jones was not in a receptive mood.

“ But I wasn’t discouraged. Most husbands are away from home in the day time, and I thought I should get along better with their wives.

“ But I didn’t. Sometimes I couldn’t get them to listen at all. Sometimes they listened patiently enough, but simply said they didn’t want it and wouldn’t have it. Some were convinced, but hadn’t any money. Such cases made me hopeful for a time, until I made up my mind that if they had had any money they wouldn’t have been convinced.

“ The worst experience I had was last week. I had got down to my bottom dollar, and had to do something or starve. I kept in mind the sticking-plaster and the pine plank, and I stuck to the only woman I found who showed any signs of having both the will and the money to subscribe. In spite of my best efforts she decided not to invest, and seemed tired of the subject and anxious to get out of the room. I remembered Mr. Wood’s injunction to follow her; and when she said:

“ ‘ Well, that’s all the time I can give you now; I must go and make the beds.’

“ I said:

“ ‘ All right, Mrs. Robinson, I’ll go with you.’

“ You should have heard her scream. She put her head out of the window, and yelled:

“ ‘ Murder! tramps! outrage! thieves!’

“ I was about to expostulate, when I saw two men

start for the house from the barn. One was swinging a flail and the other had a pitchfork. Both looked savage. The woman was screaming. I concluded that the room was rather warm and that I needed fresh air. The quickest way to get it seemed to be through the front door, and I went through the front door. As I hadn't found it convenient to shut the door, I thought I wouldn't open the gate. I went over it, and I went down the road, and I didn't stop in the next village.

And whatever interest in canvassing I may have retained was dreadfully weakened when I saw this article in the next week's *Vox Populi*;'' and he handed Gottlieb a copy of the paper.

Gottlieb handed it back, remarking that as Con was an interested party he would probably add vivacity to the narrative by reading it aloud. So Con read as follows:

ATTEMPTED OUTRAGE.

A TRAMP'S TURPITUDE.

We are once more called upon to record a fiendish attempt at diabolical crime, most infamously planned, but providentially frustrated by the daring bravery of a noble husband and son.

On Saturday last a tramp called at the residence of Nicholas J. Robinson. Esq., in Siam, concealing his scandalous purpose under the guise of an agent for some worthless magazine. He found Mrs. Robinson at home, and, under his literary mask, he was received by that lady with the patient courtesy for which she is noted. When he had finished his pretended talk, and she had politely declined to subscribe and risen to excuse herself, expecting him to depart, he rudely refused, and brutally expressed his intention to follow her wherever she should go.

She now recognized his true character, and her danger. He was a huge, hulking, beetle-browed scamp, with villainy stamped

on every feature, and the baleful gleam in his eyes showed that her peril was imminent.

With singular coolness and self-possession, she rushed to the window, and before the scoundrel could interrupt her, she had raised it and summoned assistance. Mr. Nicholas J. Robinson, and his son, Alfred B. Robinson, were in the barn and heard her cry for help. Without pausing to reflect that they had no weapons fit to contend with a villain undoubtedly armed to the teeth, they rushed into the house. The struggle which ensued was short but terrible, and ended in the complete defeat of the scoundrel, who escaped by leaping from the second story window. A party was immediately formed to search for him, but at our last advices he had not yet been found. We would not like to answer for his life, if he is captured.

There was a moment's pause, after Con had finished reading. Then Gottlieb asked:

"So you pe not so eager now to take swelf tousan supscripers in two years und a halb. Why you no try to get a steefkit and go pack to teach?"

"It would be utterly useless to try;" said Con. "This Hume will never license a fellow like me."

"Try him, try him;" urged Gottlieb. "Tell your shtory, dot you haf teach, dot you can teach, and dot you moost teach or shtarve. Und say if he gif you time, you will pe examine on vot he ask."

After some discussion Con agreed to do so, and wrote the following letter on the spot.

CONSTANTINOPLE, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1876.

Roderick Hume,

School Commissioner, Norway, N. Y.

SIR:—I have been a teacher for five years. I can teach pretty well, and I can't do anything else at all. My certificate expired last November. I didn't think it would be fair to ask Commissioner Legg to renew it,

and from what I had heard of your intentions, I was satisfied that you would not grant me a new one. I am satisfied now that you would not, if you insisted upon my passing an examination upon any subject except those I have taught.

But I should like to make this proposition. A trustee near here wants me, because his present teacher cannot manage the school. I want the school, because my money is gone and I have my mother as well as myself to support. The testimonials which I inclose will satisfy you that in everything but scholarship I am competent to take charge of the school, and I am ready to have my scholarship tested in all the branches commonly taught. So the question will probably be only as to these new subjects with which you require teachers to be acquainted.

Under these circumstances, would it be too much to ask you to give me a temporary certificate, say for three months, till you have time to visit my school? Besides the ordinary branches, I will undertake to be examined then in any one or two of these new subjects you may specify; and I will go on in this way as fast as I can until I reach the standard you may propose to establish.

If you can consistently grant this favor, you will be doing a kindness greater than you probably conceive to

Your obedient servant,

CONTENTS CADWALLADER.

The return mail brought him this letter.

NORWAY, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1876.

Contents Cadwallader,

Constantinople, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I have, as yet, established no definite

rules as to granting certificates, and am not likely to make any rules which would prevent my granting a certificate under the circumstances you narrate.

Your letter is well expressed, well written, well punctuated. Your testimonials are entirely satisfactory. I therefore inclose a certificate of the third grade and for six months. Within that time I shall call upon you and give you an examination. If you are then prepared to give the essential principles of Civil Government and the leading facts of American History, I presume I shall give you a second grade certificate. When you can add to this a fair knowledge of the practical elements of Natural Science, and some general acquaintance with Literature, you will be eligible for a first-grade.

Wishing you success based on persistent progress,
I am,

Yours respectfully,

RODERICK HUME,

School Commissioner.

So Con began his school with a light heart.

CHAPTER VI.

A SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

Deacon Jotham Granger was a good man. His wife thought not, and he agreed with her. So did the neighbors, who united in sponging on him and sneering at him. All the same he was a good man. Alas, he was also that most luckless of mortals, a good-natured man.

Not that anybody knew it: for he was gruff and fretful and fault-finding, dissatisfied with himself and distrustful of others, often ready with a gift and a "No," but always with the "No" first. People generally disliked to deal with him. Few are deeply enough read in nature's paradoxes to know that your sleek, smiling rosy, affable old gentleman, with a benevolent forehead reaching over to the back of his head, who is always so glad to see you and so ready to help you and so sorry you can't stay longer, is sleek and rosy and affable because he is too shallow and selfish to be disturbed by consideration for others. He gives you a cordial grasp and a gushing welcome, but he gives you nothing else, unless he is paid for it. He is never disappointed in his fellows, because he never trusts them. He is perfectly willing to hear you beg, because he knows you cannot touch his sympathy or his pocket-book. He dismisses you with bland smiles and plaus-

able excuses and flattering promises because that is less trouble than to have a scene. If you meet him often enough, the excuses grow threadbare, the promises go to protest, and you learn to smile with contempt as you see him invariably go by on the other side. But few people meet him often enough for this, and the crowd bask in the sunlight of his countenance.

The collector for any real charity will be amazed to find how large a proportion of his receipts comes from men who in manner are churlish and crabbed. They don't want to hear you, they listen impatiently, they slight your statements, they declare it is all a humbug—but they hand over the money. Such men are cross because they are good-natured. Mr. Darwin teaches us that animals unconsciously develop weapons of defence as they come to need them. The good-natured man mourns over his increasing gruffness and distrust as signs of a degenerate heart; but they are signs that nature means to protect him from being plundered. To the shrewd observer they are signs that he needs to be protected, and that when his gruffness is overcome his pocket-book may be tapped. But shrewd observers do not abound. Unfortunately they are commonest among those who make it a business to plunder. If such break down the wall of asperity and reach the citadel, they leave behind them increased distrust, which builds a yet more forbidding wall. Eventually the heart is so hidden that its very owner doubts if it be there; and all the world wonders that a man can be so selfish.

Jotham Granger's father was a first settler, and left him a farm of four hundred cultivated acres, with

plenty of good buildings, not a penny of mortgage, and several thousand dollars in money and stocks. He was thus made the richest man in town. Consequently most of the people looked upon him as eminently fitted to support benevolent enterprises, while the rest of them considered him eminently fitted to support themselves. The number was amazing of speculators who needed only a small backing by his capital to make both him and themselves millionaires; of geniuses who had nearly perfected an invention which would revolutionize machinery, and only waited for a few hundred dollars to complete it; of talented young men whose souls soared above the plow and saw-horse, and who expected him to put them through college.

Now Jotham had a general idea that it was his duty to take care of the property his father had accumulated. He was wise enough to see that he could best benefit society by preserving and improving his farm, paying fair wages and exacting fair work, dealing with others liberally but on a sound business basis, always ready and able to give work, but never giving anything but work to those able to work. Had he adhered to this theory inflexibly he might have been hated and respected. Unfortunately he yielded now and then to his good-nature, so he was hated and despised.

As he grew to be a young man, he was looked upon as a catch. He knew in a general way that a girl who showed that she wanted him was a girl that he didn't want. But he was too good-natured to snub a persevering young woman, and consequently found himself continually affixed to some one he did not like, without a chance of getting at the one he did like. One

night he felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and resolved to give the mitten once for all to a certain Dorothy Vann, who for months had clung to him like a burdock.

“Dorothy,” he said, “I have tried to screen you from making a fool of yourself till I have made a fool of myself. Now let’s quit, once for all.”

Dorothy dissolved in tears.

“Come, Dorothy, there is no good in that,” he said, impatiently. “The quicker we understand one another, the better.”

Dorothy sobbed violently.

“O come now, Dorothy,” he begged, “don’t do that. I don’t want to be unkind.”

Dorothy went into hysterics.

“O Dorothy, dear Dorothy,” he exclaimed, thoroughly scared, and supposing it was the only way he could save her life, “don’t die, my dear, darling Dorothy.”

Dorothy lay back in a dead faint, her eyes rolled up under her forehead, her lips slightly parted, her breath hardly perceptible.

“O my own, my precious, my sweet, don’t break my heart, my poor, loving Dorothy,” and he folded her in his arms and covered her with kisses.

But she only moaned faintly.

“Dorothy, you must get better. Don’t you know that I can’t live without you. Give me one little squeeze, darling, to show that you can hear me.”

But she moved no muscle.

“O Dorothy, Dorothy,” he plead, now sobbing himself, “come to yourself, darling, be mine and tell

me when you will marry your heart-broken Jotham."

Dorothy slowly opened her eyes, and replied faintly but firmly:

"Next month, dear Jotham, since you insist upon it."

She did it: and within six months she had convinced him by her "damnable iteration" that she had yielded only to his importunities, had married him through pity, and might have done much better. This point gained, she devoted herself to playing the role of martyr to his selfishness and lack of the finer sensibilities. He supposed she must be right, blamed himself for not making her happier, and lived a conscience-stricken life.

He was no luckier as a school trustee. He was first elected when the rate-bill was abolished, in 1867. He had been an earnest advocate for free schools, and had just become the father of a little Polly. So he accepted with enthusiasm the claims upon him of the rising generation and resolved that Constantinople should have a school to be proud of. He got a fine building erected, he provided apparatus, he graded the grounds and set out trees, and he hired the biggest-priced teacher in the county.

Unfortunately the teacher had got high wages only for well developed muscle. He was neither a scholar nor an instructor. He never used a blackboard, and he considered a globe merely an inconvenient kind of map. Before spring the paint was pencilled and soiled, the apparatus was destroyed, the plaster blackboards were cracked and dented, the wall maps were used to supplement broken panes of glass, and the outhouses

were unapproachable. The scholars were turbulent, the district was disgusted, and Jotham was discouraged. At first he had struggled against the shiftless management of the teacher, and when he could see no improvement he had thought of discharging him. But his own lack of education made him doubtful as to what he had a right to require, and sympathy for the teacher as a self-supporting young man made him hesitate to turn him out of a situation. He let him finish the term, and when the exhibition was over and the last scholar had departed, Jotham surveyed the ruins with a sad heart.

The next school-meeting was stormy. The tax had been heavy and the school disgraceful. Jotham refused to run for trustee, but no one would take the office.

“You’ve got us into this; now you get us out again,” they told him. And they voted the least possible tax, and passed resolutions involving the greatest possible requirements. For some years this was annually repeated. Once Jotham absolutely refused to serve, and paid the legal fine to the supervisors. Then the neighbors appealed to his good-nature and he allowed himself to be re-appointed to the very position from which he had just paid \$5.00 to be relieved. After that he resigned himself to certain drugery connected with the office, but gave it very little time or attention. Sometimes he hit upon a good teacher, oftener he hit upon a poor one. He regarded it as a matter of luck. Certificates indicated nothing, the grade depending on the caprice of the commissioners. Recommendations were of no significance, being given

as often as otherwise to get rid of a disagreeable incumbent. Nor could Deacon Granger rely on his knowledge of human nature. He hired one splendid fellow, earnest, enthusiastic, pious, popular: surely the school must prosper now. But the teacher was made superintendent of the Sunday-school, and soon involved himself in exhibitions and festivals which took all his time and all the children's energy, so that school was a practical failure.

Then the deacon sent to one of the normal schools, and got a fresh graduate. This was a young man abounding in long hair and long words, who smiled in a superior way as he asked what had been the order of exercises and the methods of instruction. Then he told the children that hereafter text-books would be discarded.

"You have been dwarfed and stunted by deductive instruction," he said to his gaping pupils; "I propose to stimulate your intellectual development by a strictly inductive presentation of object matter."

For a while pupils and parents alike considered this man an idiot. But though he did some foolish things and said a good many, he really had a fair foundation training. For a long time he knew his subjects better than he did his scholars; but as he grew older and discovered by repeated failures that there were things he had not yet learned, he became a capable teacher and did good work. Long before he got to this point he had left Constantinople, and left behind him an atmosphere unfavorable to successors from the same institution.

So the deacon took no more pride in the district.

school, and never allowed his own child to attend it. If the teacher called for repairs, he made them as cheap as possible. If more blackboard was demanded, he took over a pot of black paint and smeared a few feet of wall. Chalk he furnished by the pound; experience had taught him that a box of crayons very soon dispersed itself over the village. Maps and globes he refused with a smile so very ironical and positive that the teacher who had asked for these never ventured to call for any other kind of apparatus. In short, the deacon had given up all hope of a good school, and confined himself to furnishing a cheap one. His annual reports were satisfactory to the district, and hardly a dozen persons ever attended the school meeting.

The teacher hired for the winter of 1875-6, gave the deacon a new kind of trouble. The jackanapes devoted himself to the deacon's daughter. He was a shiftless fellow. He had that sort of sandy complexion which is always sprouting with a beard that never develops. He had a scrubby mustache, a pimples nose and greedy little eyes, like a pig's. He wore a thread-bare black suit, frayed at the edges, spotted with grease and showered with dandruff. His boots were never polished, and his hair was never combed. His hands were grimy with dirt accumulated from infancy, and his nails were of varying lengths but in uniform mourning. His only necktie was a brass collar-button, and his shirt-bosom, originally ruffled, was ragged and spotted like the pard. He was vulgar in manners, in language and in heart. He was a lazy, low-minded,

bullying coward, always in debt, always quarrelling, without one title to respect. And Polly Granger loved him.

At least the deacon thought so. Polly was a wilful girl. From childhood up she had know nothing of control. Her mother ruled the deacon by hysterics, but she could not rule Polly that way. In fact Mrs. Granger stood more in awe of Polly's sharp tongue and sharper eyes than of anything else in the world and Polly knew it. The child is unhappy who cannot respect its mother, and such a child was Polly. Poor Polly!

She loved her father, but she knew how to coax him into slavish obedience. She was the autocrat of the household. And against advice and remonstrance she had received the pointed attentions of this abominable Jeremiah Slack. How the deacon dispised him; how he wished he had never hired him; how he longed for the year to end, when his contract would expire. Four months of it had not yet passed, and here was Polly as good as engaged to him. The deacon was heavy-hearted.

On a Saturday afternoon in January, Jerry was hanging about the deacon's, as usual. Just at the moment, he was holding yarn for Polly to wind. Mrs. Granger lay on the lounge reading one of Ouida's novels, and the deacon was glancing at the couple over the top of his newspaper, and sighing at the hopelessness of interfering. As the front gate clicked, Polly ran to the window to see who was approaching.

"O here comes a Jew pedler," she exclaimed, clapping her hands; "now for some fun."

“Don’t let him in, Polly,” said Mrs. Granger; “we don’t want any pedler’s truck.”

“I beg your pardon, mamma,” said Polly with a profound courtesy, “but pedler’s truck is just what I do want—Please come in,” her mother heard her saying at the door, “we are just dying to be humbugged.”

Sauciness was becoming to Polly, and Gottlieb gazed at her in honest admiration.

“Von man tie villing, mees, if he pe humbug py you.”

Polly turned up her nose a little, as she ushered him in, but not enough to conceal a gratified blush.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW SCHOLAR.

Gottlieb was an admirable pedler. His pack was filled with those little notions which are always needed in a household, and as to the buying of which the only question is as to quality and price. Gottlieb's goods were all excellent and were offered rather lower than usual, so that he rarely failed to find customers where he was permitted to fairly display his stock. Moreover, he had some native humor and a cosmopolitan experience which made his visits a welcome diversion from the monotony of farm and village life. Polly was charmed with him. He parried her saucy sarcasm with such cool dexterity, and at the same time manifested so openly his admiration for her, that she felt at once curbed and exhilarated, while his broken English amused her beyond measure.

It need hardly be said that the more Gottlieb aroused Polly's interest he provoked Mr. Slack's contempt. That Prof. Jeremiah Slack, as he always signed himself, should be for a moment thrown into the shade by a miserable Dutch Jew was certainly unreasonable, and he presently felt called upon to assert his position.

"Come, Polly," he said, "don't fool any longer with that fellow. If you want to throw your money away, put it into the stove, but don't encourage this

chap to swindle the rest of the community. *I never buy anything of a pedler.*"

"Indeed," said Gottlieb, deferentially, "what for ees dot? Why you no puy of de petler?"

"Why?" repeated Jerry; "why, because you pedlers are cheats, all of you. You pick up refuse stock, and sell it for three times the price of first-class goods, and by the time your customer finds out how you lied to her, you are in the next town and out of her reach. You don't catch me that way. I never bought anything of a pedler yet."

"For shame—" Polly began indignantly, but Gottlieb was already replying quietly:

"I tink I know what for you nefer puy notinks."

"Why?" sneered Jerry, insolently.

"Pecause de petler sells only for de cash."

"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!" roared the deacon, willing to exaggerate his merriment at the expense of the irate but helpless pedagogue; "ha, ha, ha! had you there, Slack; your reputation for empty pockets must be wide-spread."

Mr. Slack indulged some ineffectual motions and muttered something in an undertone about blanked impudence, but on the whole found it wise to relapse into obscurity. The deacon's attention was directed to Gottlieb, whom he began to question as to his experience as a pedler, and his views on many subjects. He was so interested in Gottlieb's answers that when the supper-bell rang the deacon insisted that Gottlieb should take tea with him, and finally that he should stay all night.

Mrs. Granger was inclined to resent this reception

of a strange pedler, but the deacon was thoroughly in earnest, and Polly seconded the invitations the more eagerly in order to punish her humiliated and sulky lover. The more the deacon talked with Gottlieb, the better he liked him for his frankness and shrewdness.

“ You were made for something better than pedling,” he said at length to Gottlieb; “ why don’t you get an education ? ”

“ Ach ! ” sighed Gottlieb, “ I can nicht reat und write vell efen in Cherman. Vot could I to in Eengleesh ? ”

“ Go to school, man; go to school,” said the deacon. “ That is what our schools are for, to provide every man with a good education at public expense. This is a republic, you know, and our safety depends on the intelligence of the masses. So our schools are free alike to rich and poor, and they offer to everybody willing to study an opportunity to become thoroughly educated. In the despotic monarchies of Europe, a man must stay where he is born, but here he may rise to any position, if he will accept the instruction freely offered him.”

“ Und de eenstruction freely offert here comes troo dees Meester Slack, don’t it ? ” inquired Gottlieb, doubtfully.

The deacon winced.

“ Between you and me,” he said, “ Mr. Slack isn’t quite the teacher we ought to have here, but still you could get a very fair start in our school. Why not stay here with us and go to school this winter ? You can peddle on Saturdays enough to pay all we should

charge you for board. Polly and I will try and help you out with your lessons at home. You will find that life opens altogether a new field for you, when you can read and write and cipher."

After some consideration of details, Gottlieb thankfully closed with the deacon's proposal. It was well that the arrangement was consummated that evening, for when Mrs. Granger was told of it she made the night very uncomfortable for the deacon, and might have swerved him from anything but his promise.

* * * * *

Prof. Slack's indignation on Monday morning, when Gottlieb presented himself as a new scholar and gave his residence as at Deacon Granger's was indeed grievous. He himself had wanted to board at the deacon's, and had expressed the wish on several occasions, only to have it promptly and positively refused. Then Polly had shown a decided liking for the pedler, and would now be constantly in his society. Worse than all Professor Slack felt uncomfortably conscious that the pedler was his superior. In the little encounter of Saturday Gottlieb had not only worsted him, but had looked at him out of cool gray eyes with a glance he could not meet. One thing was certain: Gottlieb must be got out of the school and out of the village. But how? He came to school under the deacon's express direction, and the deacon was trustee. So he must receive at least seemingly respectable treatment.

"However, he shall find out that the teacher has a good many legal rights he can use to make a scholar

uncomfortable," muttered Jerry to himself; "he won't stay long if I can help it."

But Gottlieb was a model pupil. He was obedient, respectful, studious. He began in the A B C class, but he worked so hard, often studying till midnight in his little room, that with the help he got at home he soon finished all the readers used in school, crept rapidly through the arithmetic, and got a firm footing in the higher classes.

"It's wonderful how far common-sense goes in getting learning," the deacon mused, as he saw his pupil pass him in every study, within a few weeks of the time that the deacon first drilled him in the alphabet. "Here our children spend a year for what he gets through in a week. I wonder if it isn't better to begin later, instead of sending children to school from the time they are four years old to the time they get married. Somehow Gottlieb goes at knowledge in a business-like way, instead of lolling over his books, like our youngsters."

This rapid progress was wormwood to Professor Slack, the loop-holes in whose scanty learning were already being detected by his too ambitious pupil. He sought in vain for a pretext to humiliate Gottlieb by punishing him; finally he grew desperate, and manufactured a pretext.

The school was always disorderly, and whispering was universal. Amidst the buzz of one morning session he called out:

"Cotton-tallow, were you whispering?"

"No, sir," replied Gottlieb, respectfully.

“Come here,” thundered Professor Slack, resolved to play the bully.

Gottlieb obediently came forward, and when Professor Slack told him to hold out his hand, he held it out. The teacher took from the desk a hickory ruler two feet long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick, and with all his strength he laid twelve blows upon each of Gottlieb’s hands.

When he had finished, Gottlieb looked critically at his puffed and discolored palms, and remarked:

“Professor Slack, dot hurt more dan he seem to you ven you pe angry. You petter ko him lighter ven you haf oop dese leetle scholar.”

“None of your impudence,” shouted Professor Slack, flushed with insolence at so completely subjecting his rival: “I didn’t lick you for just whispering, but for showing yourself off as a d—d Dutch liar.”

A murmur of disgust at Professor Slack’s coarse brutality arose among the scholars, but Gottlieb remarked contemplatively:

“Ven ein man pe a teacher he know very mooch things, don’t it?”

“Yes, ‘he know very mooch ting’,” repeated Jerry, mockingly; “more things than ever you’ll know, you cheap Jew pedler.”

“Put I know von ting as you ton’t know,” continued Gottlieb, coolly but significantly, and again making Jerry uncomfortable by a glance he could not meet.

“What is that?” asked Professor Slack, uneasily.

“Dees,” replied Gottlieb with quiet emphasis, “dot

you pe koing to apolochise in less dan seexty seconts for de names you haf call me."

"How do you know I am going to?" asked Jerry, cowed, but unable to understand why Gottlieb should submit to feruling but resent an insult.

"Pecause if you ton't, I shall peetch you troo dot vinto: unt te seexty seconts pe most oop."

"I—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Cotton-tallow," said Professor Slack, abjectly.

"Nefer mind vot you meant," said Gottlieb; "to you apolochise before dis school?"

"Yes, yes, certainly; I spoke hastily, I apologize," Jerry assented eagerly, as Gottlieb took a step toward him.

But as Gottlieb turned to go to his seat, Professor Slack's eyes glared with venom.

* * * * *

When Gottlieb approached the school-house, the next morning, he saw a young man so standing as to purposely obstruct his path. This was the acknowledged village rough—a big boy who occasionally came to school to brow-beat the teacher, but who spent most of his time in swilling down cheap beer and insulting strangers. The whole village feared him, not because he was physically so very powerful, but because he was a bully, and stood on the vantage-ground of shamelessness.

So when Gottlieb saw this Sam Hutchins in his way he felt that Sam intended to make trouble. Jeremiah Slack lounged by the door, and looked on approvingly.

Gottlieb knew that his teacher meant to revenge himself through Sam Hutchins.

It was Gottlieb's turn to be scared. He seemed to hesitate a moment whether to retreat; then he came on cautiously and endeavored to pass by the burly Hutchins.

"Who be you a hittin' on, you cussed Dutchman?" said Sam, pushing against him; "you put on too blank many airs fur a furriner, 'n I'm goin' to take ye down a little."

"I peg parton," said Gottlieb humbly; "I haf not mean to hit you."

"O you haven't mean to hit me, eh? Well, I mean to hit you, and pretty blank-blank hard, too. So you may jest git yourself ready fur a zephyr. I'm the Simoon of the Desert, I am, and you're goin' to git scorched."

"Professor Slack," pleaded Gottlieb, piteously, "dis is de school-ground, und I pe your scholar. I call on you to safe me from dees man."

"Yes, I'll 'safe' you, I will—in a horn. When he gets through with you, I'm going to give you a whaling, myself, for your impudence yesterday. Your day of reckoning has come, and when you have paid your bill to Sam, I'll call on you."

"Meester Hutchins," begged Gottlieb, turning in despair to him once more, "I pe not feeling well. Some oder time I see you. Shust let me ko dees time."

This pusilanimity was more than either of the confederates had hoped for, and it tickled them hugely. Sam pulled up his sleeves and answered Gottlieb by a blow. Gottlieb caught it upon his arm, and without

an attempt to strike back stood for five minutes parrying awkwardly the shower of strokes that fell on him from every side.

Gottlieb's helpless cowardice made Sam the more provoked that he could not break through the unskilful but effective guard of Gottlieb's arms. So without paying any attention to his own defence, and feeling already weary, he swung his fists with all his force to break down Gottlieb's guard from above. Just as his right arm fell the second time, Sam felt a stinging sensation in the right eye, followed by another in his left eye and a third on his nose which sent him staggering to the ground. While he was wondering whether he had been struck by lightning or kicked by a New Jersey mule, he heard Gottlieb saying:

“Meester Hutchins, I pe retty for some more pe scorch by de Simoon of de Desert. I feel petter as I vas.”

Sam struggled desperately upon his feet only to be met by another swinging blow, that left him crushed and helpless.

“That's enough,” he said, “I'm licked,” and he crawled slowly to his feet, and got home as best he might with the little eyesight left him.

Gottlieb turned about to where Professor Slack had been standing, but Professor Slack had entered the school-room and was busy at his desk.

“I haf settlet my account mit Meester Hutchins,” said Gottlieb, “und if you haf a leetle pill—”

“No, I haven't any pill,” replied Professor Slack, with a desperate attempt to be facetious, “and I don't

want any little pill or any other kind of physic from you."

The boys were disposed to make fun of Sam Hutchins for allowing himself to be vanquished by so weak an antagonist, but Sam nodded his head sagely.

"Any of you that think so had better try it on. Mind you, he struck his first blow with his left fist."

As for Gottlieb, when he got to his room, that noon, he murmured:

"Dere vas some goot mit de sant-packs after all. A leetle science is petter as none."

And in token of gratitude he induced Deacon Granger to subscribe for the *American Agriculturist*.

CHAPTER VIII

THE REV. OLLAPOD GULLIVER.

The children of Constantinople were brought up to believe in God and the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver. I intend no irreverence by thus stating a fact based on no irreverence. We grasp the infinite only through the finite which most nearly approaches it. As a supremely perfect being the children of Constantinople could think of God only as a little better than the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver.

So far as they could see, Mr. Gulliver himself was absolutely perfect. Certainly he never did anything wrong, nor did he do anything wrongly. The right thing, at the right time, in the right way, always and invariably: that was the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver.

And his goodness was never oppressive. You felt no humiliation in being inferior to him, because you never thought of rivalling him. You simply felt grateful for him, as for air and sunlight.

His exactness was wonderful. The tavern-keeper regularly set his clock by the time Mr. Gulliver walked by on his way to the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, and every watch in the village would have gone to the jeweller's if he had begun the meeting five minutes late. He had a series of account-books in which was recorded every cent he had spent since he

was five years old, with the date, the article, and the quantity purchased. Once at the sewing-circle, when a vigorous dispute arose as to whether it was in 1871 or in 1872 that fashion required ladies' dresses to be covered with buttons, he settled the question by showing from one of these little books that in 1872 Mrs. Gulliver's dress-buttons cost him \$5.92, as against \$1.96 and \$2.42 in 1870 and 1871, and \$1.34 and \$2.05 in 1873 and 1874.

His memory was at once vast and minute. He not only answered all questions readily, but he answered them in detail. The only lines he ever quoted from Byron (and these never when young people were present) were:

"I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age and year, but moon.
They are a kind of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making History change its tune."

This habit alone gave him great power. It is amazing how much more it impresses a listener to tell him that Christopher Columbus discovered America on the 12th day of October, 1492, at 2:05 A. M., than to tell him that the discovery of America occurred toward the close of the fifteenth century. Perhaps it was this element of his sermons which went farthest to make them seem profound, but they were characterized by other excellent features. He used simple language, short sentences, clear statements. A child could follow him; yet when he closed he seemed to have exhausted the theme and to have left no opportunity to say or think anything more about it.

It is therefore needless to say that his mind was narrow; but what there was of it he had under perfect control. It was his boast that in all his sermons he never rewrote a line or erased a letter. If called upon to speak upon a given subject at five minutes' notice, his mind would instantly divide it into three heads, at the same time automatically suggesting a modest introduction and a feeling conclusion; and his speech would be so fitting and so complete that you would find it difficult to distinguish it from his elaborate sermons.

Generally his discourses did not wander far from ordinary thought, but he now and then brought in a rather pretty conceit, usually of scientific origin. For instance, the sermon he usually took with him to a strange pulpit dealt largely with astronomy. He gave to a furlong the distances of the sun and of Alpha Centauri, and the exact velocity of light. Then he showed that if a dweller on a starry world had vision to see this earth, he would see, not what was happening now, but what happened yesterday, a year ago, a thousand years ago, according to the heavenly body on which he chanced to be located. But who knows there may not be, on all these stars, beings of so much greater powers than ours that their telescopes or even their unaided eyes can pierce through space and see every action of earth's creatures? On one star they may even now be gazing at the battle of Waterloo, and on another they may be watching with intense interest the temptation of Adam. A hundred thousand years from now the events of this day may just have been borne on the invisible ether to inhabitants of one of

the suns of Orion, who will see us rise, eat breakfast and whisper in church (this with a mildly reproachful glance toward a loving couple in the gallery). We talk of secret sins, but who knows how many millions of beings are watching every instant of every life-history, so that among the countless stars a constantly changing but ever-present multitude are now witnessing and shall to all eternity blush over those shameful scenes which we suppose to be securely hidden ?

At this point he had his audience breathless, each one looking back over his past, and wondering which star was just getting sight of some little delinquency of his own he had prided himself in concealing.

After an impressive pause, Mr. Gulliver would suddenly electrify his audience; "Ah, my friends," he sighed, "I see you tremble at the thought of your transgressions being witnessed by beings in other worlds, of whom you know nothing, and whom you may never meet. How then should you shiver when you remember that not only every secret sin but every secret thought is noted by a Being in a world you will shortly visit, and whom you must meet face to face, to receive the sentence on which hangs the awful fate of your eternal destiny."

And then he stopped. O my clerical friends, he stopped. When I recall that for ten years I listened to his two sermons weekly, and that in all the thousands there was not one in which he failed to stop when he got through, my heart throbs with gratitude, and my pen almost refuses to go on to describe the misfortunes and humiliation which overtook this saintly

man. Gentle reader, be patient with him. When you find him tripping (as you must, for his story is so interwoven with others I am trying to tell, that I can not omit it)—when, I say, you come to that scene in his life to which he looks back shuddering, and which you will gaze upon with indignation, remember, I beg of you, that against whatever flaws you may find in his character there stands out this bold and shining virtue: he never preached a sermon more than thirty minutes long. *Pax eocum.*

Of course, Mr. Gulliver was a strictly moral man. Although a clergyman, he always paid his bills promptly and saw to it that his church did the like. He was frugal yet hospitable, prudently generous, chaste in conduct and thought. For this he owed much to temperament and circumstances. In educating himself, he had developed his mind at the expense of his body. In his college days wine and women had offered little temptation to a man living on baked potatoes and eating the skins. So his absorbing purpose, firm principles, and honest piety had flourished in a soil nearly free from weeds. He not only did no evil, but he thought no evil, of the kind that men call immoral. Temptations he had, with which he struggled sorely, and often vainly, but they were of another character, and mainly based on pride.

For a man must gauge himself, more or less, by the opinions of others. The author whose books are never read must eventually distrust his genius. The clergyman who lives a fourth of a century in an atmosphere of veneration must feel himself somewhat worthy of it. It was Mr. Gulliver's constant effort not to think him-

self worthy of it, but the effort was not wholly successful. Indeed, I fear the pride in which he sinned most was a hidden pride in his humility.

For myself, I can't help thinking that Mr. Gulliver was conceited; and I am the surer of this because he always left behind him so marked an impression of humility. I feel as suspicious of a humble man as of a demure woman. Why should a man be humble? Humility implies self-consciousness; and if a man be simple, earnest, direct, strong, his mind will be upon his work, not upon himself, and will prompt him as little to deprecate himself as to play the braggart.

I believe the old adage is true, that talk about oneself lowers one in the estimate of the listener; for if the talk be confession of weakness or fault the listener takes one's word for it and rates one accordingly; while if it be a boast, the listener either refuses to believe, or is more repelled by the assumption involved in telling it than attracted by the fact itself. The only safe path for the self-conscious person is therefore resolutely to avoid referring to himself at all. Alas, few have clear enough insight to see this, and strength enough of will to follow it. If a conceited person has any discernment, he learns after a time that boasting is fatal to good opinion, and he ceases to swagger. But he has cured only the eruption, and the disease, with increased intensity, still permeates every thought. The victim continues to talk about himself, sometimes in disparagement, with a hungry hope that the listener will contradict him; sometimes in anecdotes, seemingly modest because the main point is some personal discomfiture, but incidently involving

reference as a matter of course to the speaker's noble qualities; oftenest, perhaps, in repeating flattering things which have been said of him by others, with a pretence of laughing at the others for being so foolishly deceived, but with an abiding hope that the listener will agree with them.

The Rev. Ollapod Gulliver rarely employed these transparent subterfuges. He never needed to suggest himself as a topic of conversation, for his congregation provided him with as many feminine admirers as those marshalled by Cousin Hebe to echo Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. He could safely trust these courtiers to keep in the public mind all his virtues, all his talents, all his achievements; and it was his part to play King Canute, and assure them, in spite of their protests, that he was finite. He did this very well. He had discernment, good taste. His flock always reserved for the climax of his virtues, "And oh! so modest!" But I distrust the modesty of a man who wears spectacles, and blushes. Mr. Gulliver did both.

Mr. Gulliver's learning and judgment made him the educational authority of Constantinople. From time immemorial, he had been chairman of the board of Academy trustees, and he was the most frequent and respected visitor at the public school. In fact he came often enough to impress his personality upon the pupils more than any of the transient teachers had ever done. For instance, he had very thick lips, the broad red edges of which, as he wore no mustache, showed to especial advantage over his black beard. These lips seemed to the scholars the acme of masculine beauty, and discerning parents could tell when Mr. Gulliver

had visited the school in the morning by the way the boys pursed out their lips at dinner.

Clad in spotless linen and black that never seemed rusty, Mr. Gulliver used to sit erect in his chair, and question the class with paternal serenity. That he could make a mistake, that there could be a development of the subject which he had not fathomed, never occurred to pupil or teacher or parent. If by any chance he had done a problem in arithmetic contrary to the principles of the science, I presume all would have agreed that the science was at fault, and that Mr. Gulliver had as much right to reverse a rule of mathematics, as Joshua to make the sun stand still.

With malice prepense, Jerry Slack invited Mr. Gulliver to visit his school for the especial purpose of taking the conceit out of Gottlieb Krottenthaler. He explained to Mr. Gulliver that Gottlieb had rapidly picked up that little knowledge which is so dangerous, and that he was arrogant, presumptuous, overwise. I think he even hinted that Gottlieb was atheistic in his German tendencies, and would exert a harmful influence over the other scholars, unless Mr. Gulliver should detect and expose his shallowness.

Accordingly Mr. Gulliver devoted a whole half day to examining the classes in which Gottlieb recited. I regret to say that it was the most uncomfortable half-day Mr. Gulliver had ever spent. He had the usual conventional knowledge of common-school studies, but had never given much thought to principles underlying the facts and rules and processes. Gottlieb seemed to have approached all these subjects from an original starting point, and he had happened upon

puzzling little exceptions to general rules which gave Mr. Gulliver great uneasiness.

In the spelling-class Gottlieb had remarked:

“ I like not dees languich, mit so many wort nopody can shpell, not nefer.”

Mr. Gulliver, whose strongest point was an ability to spell all sorts of unheard-of words, smiled benignantly.

“ My dear young friend,” he said, “ English spelling is by no means so difficult as it is commonly thought to be. It requires close observation, accurate memory: that is all. No educated man should ever fail to spell a word corretly.”

“ Ach!” sighed Gottlieb, reflecting, “ put I tink of de wort dot nopody can shpell—not efen de dictionary.”

Mr. Gulliver smiled again with patient charity.

“ You are thinking of inarticulate sounds, I suppose, like that of a kiss, which we can hear and make, but which we cannot spell out with letters. There is no spoken word which we cannot spell.”

“ Vill you parton me eef I geef you a wort, weech I tink can nicht pe spell.”

“ Certainly. If you will put me such a word, I will give you a new copy of Webster’s Unabridged.”

“ Goot,” said Gottlieb, “ I ask two or dree ting first ‘ You pe going next Sontag to church; ’ shpell *to*.”

“ T-o, *to*.”

“ ‘ I pe going, too; ’ shpell *too*.”

“ T-double-o, *too*.”

“ ‘ Ve two pe going; ’ shpell *two*.”

“ T-w-o, *two*.”

“ Now you have shpell tree $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{to} \\ \text{too} \\ \text{two} \end{array} \right\}$'s ’’*

“ Yes.”

“ In de sentence, ‘ You haf shpell

tree $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{to} \\ \text{too} \\ \text{two} \end{array} \right\}$'s,’ shpell $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{to} \\ \text{too} \\ \text{two} \end{array} \right\}$'s.”

After a moment’s study, Mr. Gulliver, to the amazement of the school, confessed himself caught, and congratulated Gottlieb warmly upon his discovery of this serious defect in the orthography of any language which has tautophonous words of different spelling. Having by this large word partially restored his standing with the school, he continued his examination only to encounter more trouble.

“ Define multiplication,” he said to Gottlieb, in the arithmetic class.

“ I can nicht.”

“ That is unfortunate,” said Mr. Gulliver, somewhat surprised, because up to this point Gottlieb had recited readily. “ Definitions lie at the foundation of all true knowledge. Try and fix them firmly in mind. Now repeat after me: ‘ Multiplication is the process of taking one thing as many times as there are units in another.’ ”

“ O, I know dat defineetion,” said Gottlieb, “ dat ees in de pook. Put I tink he ees not true.”

“ How is that ? ” asked Mr. Gulliver.

“ I take my pook once,” said Gottlieb, lifting his

* Of course the compositor is as much at loss as Mr. Gulliver was. A word which cannot be spelled cannot be printed.

arithmetic; "I take my pook twice, (lifting it again,) I take my pook tree time, (lifting it once more). Now how many pook haf I? Shust one, und de rule make him tree."

Mr. Gulliver smiled with restored superiority.

"Your illustration has a fatal defect," he said. "The rule refers to numbers, and has nothing to do with books. A book is not a number."

"Dot *pe* fooney," replied Gottlieb, opening his arithmetic to the first page; "dees pook say a noomper *pe* either apstrack or concrete; und dat a concrete noomper *pe* de noomper apply to some opjeck, like *von pook*, two apple, fife pear."

"I shall have to think about that," said Mr. Gulliver, and the scholars were more amazed than ever. Presently the rule for compound subtraction was called for, and Gottlieb said it was imperfect, since it would not solve all problems.

This time Mr. Gulliver was cautious, and treated Gottlieb's opinion with manifest respect. Asked to illustrate his criticism, Gottlieb placed the following example on the board:

m.	fur.	rd.	yd.	ft.	in.
1	0	0	0	0	0
	7	39	5	1	5

Although the subtrahend was the smaller number, no one could solve the problem under the rule given in the book; and when Gottlieb made three or four more such criticisms, and in every case was found to be right, Jerry Slack, as well as the scholars, began to look upon him with almost superstitious awe.

Perhaps the greatest surprise was in geography, though the principle should have been familiar enough. Mr. Gulliver had been asking the pupils to face north, and point in the direction of various places. Gottlieb was asked to point to Jerusalem, and he pointed nearly north-east. At this everybody laughed, and it was not until a battered globe had been fished out of the attic and a string drawn between the two places, that Mr. Gulliver would acknowledge that Gottlieb was right. Not even by his generalized remarks upon great-circles and parallels of latitude could the clergyman recover his lost ground with the pupils. He was still to them a great man and a good man, but he was no longer omniscient.

To the credit of the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver be it said, that so far from bearing any small resentment against Gottlieb for these revelations, he commended him to the school as a rare scholar who thought for himself, thanked him for calling his attention to these exceptions to rules usually supposed to be universal, and invited Gottlieb most heartily to study with him two nights every week, so long as he should stay in the village.

This invitation Gottlieb accepted, and before long Mr. Gulliver began to wonder which of them was gaining the more from their interviews.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. ARABELLA ———.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Gulliver was chairman of the Academy trustees. For several years Constantinople Academy had been dormant. It was founded soon after the Alps Collegiate Institute, and for a period enjoyed fair local patronage. But the N. Y. C. & B. S. R. R., had made Picayuna accessible to all this region, and Picayuna had a State Normal School which admitted pupils who would express the slightest intention of teaching to full academic instruction, without paying tuition. This institution had a noble building, ample apparatus, and a corps of teachers carefully chosen and liberally paid. The course was thorough and the examinations were rigid, but great ado was made at commencement, and graduates were in demand. Boys and girls in this region who had time and money to spend for an academic education turned their faces toward Picayuna, and Constantinople Academy grew mouldy. It was managed for a few years by young graduates who came here because they could get no other position, but after a time not even such an one could be found, and the academy existed only in a decaying building, a name in the Regents' Report, and an annual meeting of the board of trustees.

Such a building frequently falls into the hands of some woman, who keeps what is called an academy, but what is really a private school for small children. Several such propositions had been made to these trustees, but had been invariably opposed by Mr. Gulliver.

“This school was conceived, founded, endowed, built up, solely for secondary education, based on instruction in Latin, Greek and mathematics,” he would say. “Only a graduate of some reputable male college shall ever assume charge of it with my consent.”

Mr. Gulliver had been led to insist upon “a reputable *male* college,” because a graduate from Vassar had once applied for the position, and had won the hearts and minds of all the rest of the board of trustees. But Mr. Gulliver stood firm. He had read somewhere that the girls at Vassar were so hungry for flirting that they fell in love with each other, and made such extravagant presents as proofs of their affection that the college authorities had to interfere. He inquired of the applicant whether this were true, and when she did not wholly deny it, he demanded triumphantly whether that was the sort of four-years’ training to fit a young woman to be principal of an academy. Her magnificent scholarship, her high testimonials and her winning appearance were not sufficient defence against this attack, and the board voted to reject her application.

Mr. Gulliver did not believe in women-teachers. He often lamented that they had ever got a foot-hold in any but primary departments.

“Look all over Europe,” he would say, “and you will seek in vain for schools in charge of women. The

poorest, weakest country school has a man for a permanent teacher, known to the country around as *the* school-master, and exerting an influence over every child in the neighborhood. Our country schools and most of our city schools are taught by green girls, who have no taste or aptitude for teaching, but clutch the work as a buoy to keep them afloat till they can signal a husband. Those who fail to get married, usually because they are too homely or too disagreeable to find anybody who wants them, become dried-up bundles of shattered nerves, utterly unfit to deal with the freshness of childhood. Even the exceptions, the noble, whole-hearted women whom one encounters here and there in the profession, are still but women. They are kind-hearted, but always partial; conscientious in little things, but never able to grasp a grand principle; accurate scholars in special subjects, but wholly unable to comprehend a system of knowledge in which each subject has its relative importance. To put girls, and especially boys, under such a teacher, is to narrow their minds to certain grooves of thought. Woman sometimes shows intensity, but only man has breadth of vision. Woman spies the minutest particles of dust, but Man surveys the Universe."

The reader will infer that Mr. Gulliver had not a very high opinion of women. To tell the truth, he hadn't, though he supposed he had. He was unusually staunch in the stalwart oak and clinging vine theory, and often talked prettily of the mission of women to grace and adorn. He believed some women had a knack of wheedling favors out of weak-minded men, and of thus exerting a sort of surreptitious influence.

But that a woman could herself do anything of any particular importance, or that she could so impress a real man that he should value her approving glance above all other rewards, was to Mr. Gulliver mere nonsense. Certainly he had never seen any woman of that kind, and he never expected to.

To be sure, he was a married man, but his marriage had been as carefully planned and carried out in as cool blood as all the other acts of his life.

During his early years at Constantinople he had been attracted by a little girl named Priscilla Plumb. Her father kept the village store, and was a church trustee. Her mother was a sentimentalist in religion, who relied as much on having the clergyman to tea every week as other weak-minded women do on periodical consultation with the family doctor. At these frequent visits Mr. Gulliver observed that Priscilla was healthy, handsome, bright, modest, good-tempered—by far the most promising girl in the village. Before she was fourteen, he had said to himself: “She will be the kind of woman I want to marry.” When she was fifteen, he said so to her parents, and thereafter he was allowed to direct her education. She spent four years of the next five at Mt. Holyoke. These were for character. The fifth she spent in a fashionable New York boarding-school. This was for style. Thirty days after her style had been certificated at commencement, she became Mrs. Gulliver.

Was she a willing bride?

I don’t know. During all her school years away from home this destiny had been the ground-work of her labors. She had striven hard to prepare herself

for a model minister's wife. She had received weekly letters of affection and counsel from Mr. Gulliver. All Constantinople had looked upon her with envy. No young man had so much as presumed to think of winning her. Her mother, a really good woman and tenderly devoted to her, had died happy in the assurance that her daughter was to be Mrs. Gulliver. Her father had put up for them the prettiest house in the village, and assured her with tears in his eyes that when he was told of Mr. Gulliver's intentions he felt that he had not lived in vain. What more could Priscilla ask?

I don't know that she asked for anything more. Certainly she was a charming bride and a dutiful wife. She had a great deal of hospitality to dispense, but she always made her guests delighted. She belonged to constant committees, but her work in each was well done. The demands on her time were innumerable, but she and her house were ever fresh, bright and attractive. She was never bored and she was never awed. Young and old, rich and poor, big and little, all found her sympathetic, intelligent, judicious. Of course the glory fell to Mr. Gulliver, who had educated her and who still made himself her constant guide in every detail of life. But her friends admitted that she was an apt and creditable pupil; and to be an apt pupil of the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver was indeed a distinction.

All this Mr. Gulliver appreciated. He had taken his time to marry—his age on their wedding-day was just double hers—but he had done it, as he did everything, well. He had chosen deliberately, and he had chosen successfully. He had trained her on certain

fixed principles, and he had trained her well. He had secured a wife who was fit to shine in any circle, and who would devote her life to him and his work. Like his study-lamp, and his movable book-cases, Mrs. Gulliver was eminently fitted to fill the place for which he designed her.

It never occurred to him that though she was twenty-five years old he still thought of her and treated her as a child. He had been so many years a bachelor, that he had grown accustomed to be his own house-keeper. He knew how much tea and sugar should be used every week, and that the dinner scraps could all be made useful. Though he nominally entrusted these things to Mrs. Gulliver, he still looked after them himself, and he left very little for her to devise. He often had her read to him or copy for him; he sometimes read over his sermons to her; in rare instances he asked her opinion as to a radical view or a bold expression. But he never thought of valuing her opinion particularly, or of relying upon her judgment. He never interchanged with her his best and freshest thoughts, as he was glad to do with his brother clergymen. Even Gottlieb Krottenthaler, whose broad experience and good sense made a favorable impression on Mr. Gulliver, was soon received on confidential terms of intellectual equality which Mr. Gulliver never dreamed of according to his wife.

One evening Mr. Gulliver was discussing with Gottlieb the general question of woman's society. He had lately returned from a meeting of the Presbytery, and was ridiculing some of his brother clergymen who found pleasant women at the boarding-places given

them, and preferred to spend their time dawdling in parlors rather than in attending the sessions or arguing with their professional brethren.

“ Why, I know ministers,” said Mr. Gulliver, “ who will never stir from home without their wives. They can’t preach unless their wives are in the congregation. Give them a new idea, and they say: ‘ I must go home and talk that over with my wife; ’ and if they make a great effort, they are breathless till they get to their wives and ask: ‘ Well, dear, how did you think I succeeded ? ’

“ The funny part of it is,” continued Mr. Gulliver, chuckling, “ that they never seem to discover that this getting your wife’s opinion is simply comparing your own face with the reflection of your face in the looking glass. A good wife thinks as her husband thinks. Put two clocks on the mantel-piece, and very soon the vibrations of the smaller pendulum will be coincident with those of the larger. So the wife’s thoughts, in true marriage [and Mr. Gulliver paused a moment to think complacently of his own], soon come to pulsate with the husband’s ; and when he feels gratified to find her agreeing with him he is simply thinking well of himself—a very dangerous form of self-conceit.”

Mr. Gulliver was fond of antithesis and paradox, and he exulted to have hit upon so happy an expression of that last notion. So he went on to elaborate his views.

“ The fact is, Gottlieb,” he said, “ woman’s society is like confectionery. A little of it is well enough, after a hearty repast upon stalwart masculine thought, but only a sickly sentimentalist can live upon it. Too

much of it corrupts the taste, and takes away appetite for strength and truth. If you would be a powerful and sterling man, Gottlieb, make your friends among powerful and sterling men; and never leave their society to play croquet or bandy compliments with a young girl whose hair is done up in curl-papers. The knights of old gave only their spare time to their fair ladies. True chivalry puts work before amusement."

"Put, Meester Kulliver," interposed Gottlieb, "de inspiration to pe a strong und treu man comes not to me from oder men so mooch as from de treu und earnest voman. De knight of old left his lady, put it vas to do her peeding, for no reward put her appropfal. Eet vas nicht to holt a pheelosophical argument dot Leander sweem ofer de Hellespont."

"But people don't do that now-a-days," protested Mr. Gulliver, thinking it best to change the illustration.

"I tink dey do. For me, I nefer see eine gute voman put I pe ein petter und ein shtronker man. You hear of dot lady dot somepoty say 'To know her pe a leeperal education.' I haf see such voman. De grand man make you eemitate, put ein gut way off; perhaps he discourich. Put de grand voman, she eenspire everypoty to do de pest in him."

"You are an enthusiast," said Mr. Gulliver, willing to indulge Gottlieb's hallucination; "you would make a capital lover."

"Oh! put dot pe someting else," sighed Gottlieb, his eyes lighting up with tender earnestness, and seeming, as he spoke, to look upon a picture far away. "Ven of all de voman in de vorlt, de pest und de

visest und de sweetest und de truest pe all your own, dot is life! You vake oop happy in de morning, for you tink 'Vot ein gut vorlt pe dees, for She pe een it.' You vork hart all tay, for you tink, 'Dees pe for Her, too.' You pe no hurry to shleep at night, for you tink apout Her. You pe nefer lonely, for ven your mint pe let loose from oder ting, he fly pack to Her. Eef you fail in someting, you pe not discourich, for you tink, 'She pelief in me; I vill pelief in myself.' Eef you pe misunderstand, or pad treat, you no mint, for you tink, 'Vot of dees, ven She lofe me?' Haf you nefer feel dees?"

"I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Gulliver, drily, "and as I am forty-five years old, it is reasonable to suppose that I never shall."

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Gulliver informed her husband that a lady, some stranger, had called to see him on business. Gottlieb took his departure, and Mr. Gulliver asked his wife to invite the caller into his study.

She was a fine-looking woman, with too square a face and too coarse a complexion to be handsome, but well-formed, well-dressed, and well-bred.

"You will excuse me for coming directly here from the Lippitburgh depot, Dr. Gulliver?" she begged, gracefully completing the apology by a half-timid courtesy. She had accented the word in the last syllable, and she added: "Or do you say *dépot* about here?"

"We usually say *dépot*," answered Dr. Gulliver rather awkwardly, not understanding this abrupt introduction.

“ The word has five letters and five pronunciations,” continued the stranger, fluently; “ one can hardly go astray. But on these uncertain syllables people are so apt to be dogmatic.

“ I once spent an hour in a school in Norwich, listening to a class in reading. It did not seem to me well taught, and as I wanted to say something complimentary which should at the same time be truthful, I could think of nothing to commend except the pronunciation. I called the word *pronunsiation*. The teacher at once replied with dignified emphasis: ‘ Yes, we are very particular about that. We teach our scholars among their first corrections to say *pronunshiation*, and not *pronunsiation*.’ I accepted the reproof humbly, and forebore to inform her that Perry and Knowles and Smart and Cooley and Cull all preferred ‘ *pronunsiation*,’ while Dr. Haldemann ridicules any other sound of the *ci*, saying that the *c* can get the *sh* sound only by its association with the *i*, and that therefore the only consistent authority is Sheridan, who pronounces the word, *pronunshation*.

“ But for my part, especially in these days of differing authorities, I think the only unpardonable error one can commit in pronunciation is dogmatically to correct the pronunciation of some one else. Wasn’t it Mr. Breckenridge who presided over the Senate at the time when one of the senators from Arkansas always so called his State, while the other as invariably called it Arkansaw? You know he always announced these gentlemen each according to his own preference, never failing to speak of the first as ‘ The gentleman from Arkansas,’ and of the second as ‘ The gentleman

from Arkansaw.' It seems to me that was the true conduct of a scholar and a gentleman. Don't you think so, Dr. Gulliver?"

"Why, certainly, I should agree with you much better in that opinion than as to your mode of addressing me," replied the clergyman, who had begun to wonder whether his visitor would ever give him a chance to speak again; "I am plain Mr. Gulliver."

"Why how is that?" queried the lady, mystified. "At one of the public receptions of Sorosis I overheard Prof. Harkness talking with Mrs. Croly about you, and saying it was decided to give you D.D. at the next commencement. I remember it because it was the first time I had heard your name mentioned. It happened to come up because Dr. Holland quoted your sermon on 'The Bible in the Public Schools' as the best argument which had appeared. I was thinking it was at the June reception, but it must have been in September and referring to commencement this year. But at worst I only anticipate, for Prof. Harkness said the degree was certainly to be given you."

Mr. Gulliver was gratified. Though he had never mentioned it, he had felt that he deserved this recognition from his Alma Mater, at least as much as some who had received it. To be sure he was pastor of a country church, but he had written a score of articles for the *Examiner*, and two long papers for the *Quarterly*, besides several published sermons; and he had been a faithful alumnus, both in attending commencements and in directing young students to Brown University instead of Yale or Harvard. Yes, he deserved to be

D.D., and now he was going to be. He felt very kindly disposed toward his well-informed visitor who had brought the announcement.

In the midst of a half-revery based upon "Rev. Ollapod Gulliver, D.D.," that gentleman became conscious that his visitor was already deep in another subject.

"I believe in higher—indeed, in the highest—education of women," she was saying, "and I have never heard mentioned what seems to me the strongest argument in its favor: I mean its protection of woman's chastity."

Mr. Gulliver's rigid sense of propriety was shocked to hear that word from a lady's lips, but his visitor looked him straight in the eye, and continued, without a thought of blanching:

"I think it is a mistake to assume that mutual attraction between the sexes is based on a physical relation. So far as we are animal, we partake of animal instincts, but so far as we are higher than the brute, so far higher is the enjoyment we may experience.

"Now men's and women's minds are as surely correlated as their bodies, and intercourse between their minds affords a higher and more permanent pleasure. Indeed the only physical intercourse which should ever occur—that based upon love—derives its keenest delight from the sensations of mind and heart which prompt it, and of which it is only the seal.

"Now why is it that young people are under temptation, when thrown together? I do not believe it is because young men and young women are usually corrupt in thought and desire, and I know that what is

called seduction frequently occurs when both parties are innocent of wrong intention.

“ I explain it in this way. When the two are thrown in each other’s company, they begin with conversation. For a time this interests them both, but presently the young woman’s resources are exhausted. She has not read as much, seen as much, thought as much as her admirer, and she is soon in shallow water. He begins to feel bored, and she knows it. Not having his mind otherwise employed, he is prompted to take certain liberties with her person, at first seemingly slight and harmless, and yet in a certain indefinite way recognized by both of them as liberties. As such she would gladly repel them. Her maiden instinct recoils; but usually, and very unfortunately, this instinct is unsupported by careful instruction, and she fears that if she repulses him she can no longer command his attention. Accordingly she yields, simply because she has no other way to interest him, and so, step by step, without forethought or wicked purpose on the part of either, she falls into his unholy embrace.

“ Don’t you believe it frequently happens in that way, Mr. Gulliver ? ”

“ I-I presume so,” he assented, feebly.

“ Now what is the remedy for this evil, which honey-combs our very best society with danger ? Simply to make woman the intellectual equal of man. Give our girls advantages for education, not necessarily the same, but equal to those afforded their brothers. Let them learn, not from books alone, but, as their brothers do, from society, travel, intercourse with many minds. Above all, teach them to be independent, self-reliant,

keen-witted. Such a girl will keep her admirer so employed in sustaining his own part of the conversation that he will have no occasion for lustful thoughts. It is a stigma upon a woman's mind," concluded the lady, impetuously, "if she lets her listener's attention wander to her person."

Mr. Gulliver was relieved to have her end so harmlessly—indeed, so sensibly. It was a new and startling experience to hear a lady, a stranger to him, discuss a subject like this so freely. But certainly she discussed it ably and pure-mindedly. So Mr. Gulliver thought she deserved that he should say:

"Surely no such stigma can ever be cast upon your mind, Madam."

Why was it that he was prompted to add:

"But if your listener's mind should wander in that way, it would have a pleasing subject to contemplate."

That was evidently a suggestion of Satan. Mr. Gulliver observed it as a puzzling psychological phenomenon, and laid his observations aside for future contemplation.

Finding him responsive, his well-informed visitor continued her flow of talk, soon drawing him out to express an interest in what she was saying, and then skilfully directing him to take the leading part in the conversation, while she sat at his feet, a willing listener. She was so quick to understand his meaning, so ready to illustrate his points by experience of her own (always among the most distinguished people), and, though evidently a woman of rare attainments, so deferent to his views and so delightful a listener that the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver found himself for the

first time fully appreciated. He talked with an earnestness and facility which were almost inspiration, and he was startled when at ten o'clock his caller sighed:

“O, Mr. Gulliver, I could listen to you forever, but I must not forget that I came on business.”

Sure enough, he hadn't yet found out why she had come to him, or even her name; what a fascinating woman she was to so make him forget the ordinary proprieties of life.

“To be wholly frank with you, Mr. Gulliver,—for if I were not so by nature I should be from policy with a gentleman of your discernment,—I want to be principal of your academy. I know the position you have taken as to women teachers, and I honor you for standing true to Latin and Greek in these days of loose scholarship. But I believe in Latin and Greek, too, and it seemed to me that under your direction and by your assistance I could build up a school which should be an honor to the village and a blessing to the neighborhood.”

Mr. Gulliver protested for a while, but he protested feebly. The fact was, however unconscious he may have been, that he felt it would be a personal advantage to have this glorious woman near by. The exhilaration of the evening's conversation had been almost intoxicating. He had never before so realized and so made use of his mental resources. What sermons he could write if he could first discuss the text with such a mind as hers. He began to envy Pericles and to look with charity upon Aspasia. At any rate, he finally promised that the academy should be reopened. He would call a meeting of the trustees at once.

By the way, what name should he present to them?

His visitor leaned forward, resting her face upon both hands, and looked at him intently, questioningly, then trustingly:

“I will put full confidence in you,” she burst forth; “I can’t tell you my name.”

This was a *non-sequitur* for which Mr. Gulliver was not prepared. But she explained that she was a married woman—unhappily married; in fact, persecuted. If her real name was known, her husband would seek her out even here, and annoy, terrify, perhaps (and she shuddered convulsively) even beat her. She must assume a name not her own, but she felt that she could not deceive Mr. Gulliver. So she wrote on a card “Mrs. Arabella ———.”

“That much is mine,” she said;—“you shall fill the blank as you choose. Unhappy is the woman who takes upon her at the altar a name she cannot safely bear.”

Mr. Gulliver was touched with sympathy, and with gratitude for her confidence.

“Let us fill the dash as we do in reading,” he said, “and call you Mrs. Arabella Blank. We can spell it B-l-a-n-c, if you choose.”

“That is just what I should have wished,” she exclaimed with enthusiasm. “You seem to have such an instinct for choosing the right thing. I can not bear to deceive, even in little things, and this is really within a letter of the truth.”

Of course this was sophistry, but it was charmingly and rather coquettishly said. So Mr. Gulliver summoned his wife, who had wondered why the woman staid so

long, and who inspected Mrs. Arabella Blanc rather keenly. When she was introduced by her husband as her guest, for Mr. Gulliver insisted that she should remain all night, Mrs. Gulliver treated her politely; but when her husband told her presently that Mrs. Blanc was to be principal of the academy, Mrs. Gulliver opened her eyes and inquired:

“ Pray who is she, and where does she come from, and what has she done, that you grant her what you refused that pretty Miss Edwards from Vassar ? ”

In spite of himself, Mr. Gulliver had to admit that he didn't know, and he slept uncomfortably. But the first glance from Mrs. Blanc's eyes reassured him the next morning, and when he held her hand a moment, as he greeted her, he felt that he had made no mistake. It was a pretty hand, and soft and trustful.

CHAPTER X.

MR. GULLIVER WRITES POETRY.

The resurrection of Constantinople Academy was loudly heralded. Mr. Gulliver's enterprise and Mrs. Blanc's ingenuity devised many forms of advertising, and every family within twenty miles knew that Mr. Gulliver had reopened the Academy. That was all they knew. Mrs. Blanc had insisted that all announcements should be made in his name, and with reference only to a "competent corps of instructors." He had promised to hear one or two classes himself in college preparatory classes, and he looked forward with some anticipation to sending to Brown a boy or two of his own fitting.

The Academy opened with twenty-seven scholars, and within a week drew in a dozen more. Polly Granger and three or four friends of her own age decided to take another year of study. Gottlieb Krotenthaler, who declined to leave the district school, was induced by Mr. Gulliver to begin Latin under Mrs. Blanc's instruction. Altogether, the trustees congratulated themselves on their good fortune, and felt hopeful of the Academy's future.

Mrs. Blanc was a fascinating teacher. Her classes longed for the recitation hour, and a bevy of girls always surrounded her. She was too loquacious to be a

good instructor, and she asked very little more of her scholars than to be eager listeners. But she had many things to tell about every topic of the day's lesson, and she knew how to tell them interestingly. Her anecdotes and illustrations were always apt, and often impressive. The scholars came home delighted, and repeated much of what they had heard. This pleased the parents, and all united to bless the day that Mrs. Blanc came to Constantinople.

Mr. Gulliver found his classes exceedingly interesting. He was glad to go early to the Academy, and he often staid an hour or two after his own work was done. Mrs. Blanc boarded at the hotel, and he thought it necessary to go there often for consultation as to the interests of the school. He encouraged her to come to his study. At first, his room seemed to brighten when she entered. Presently it began to seem dark when she was absent. Mr. Gulliver grew restless. He was happy only when he was with Mrs. Blanc, and he spent the rest of the time in pondering over what she had said at their last interview, and what he would say at their next.

For a time he was unconscious of this magnetic attraction. After he discovered it, he puzzled over it awhile before he understood it. At last he got the clue. The revelation struck him like a thunder-clap.

"I am in love," he said to himself, and as he said it he blushed—the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver blushed, and blushed guiltily.

I don't know whether he was more shocked or gratified. He was unquestionably shocked. That he, of all men in the world, should be in love with a

woman not his wife, seemed to him like standing on the brink of total depravity; and yet he could not help hugging himself for being capable of this enormity.

He was not insensible to his defects, this model clergyman; and he had often mused with a regretful longing over the pictures of passionate love the poets write about. He could not doubt that there was such a thing, and that it was entirely different from the calm, patronizing affection he bestowed on Mrs. Gulliver. He had thought himself incapable of the feeling, as some men are born color-blind; and he had recognized the deficiency as a serious misfortune. He wanted to be *integer vitae* in full sense of the phrase; enjoying all that true men may enjoy, and suffering all that true men should suffer. Hitherto he had supposed that his life could never be lit by such love. Though he now felt that the light might bring uncomfortable heat, yet he was glad to take the risk for the sake of the experience.

The risk. Yes, there was a risk; a risk that he, the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver, would be untrue to his manhood, his cloth and his religion. He recognized the danger, and he armed himself to meet it. He even made gestures, as of brandishing imaginary sword and shield, and he cried out in audible voice:

“Apollyon, I see thee and I defy thee.”

He meant well, but I suspect he was too confident in his own strength. He should have extirpated the feeling. Instead, he nourished it, intending to master it, and anticipating a struggle not wholly unenjoyable. He immediately laid out his campaign, as he would have sketched an outline for his sermon.

“The main danger,” he said to himself, “is concealment. The temptation is strong, but I will resist it. I will be frank and open from the start. I will go and tell her all about it, this minute.”

It never occurred to him that the “her” he ought to tell was Mrs. Gulliver. He put on his hat, and walked rapidly to Mrs. Blanc’s room. She was busy arranging her book-shelves. He seated himself in a corner of the room, and watched her deft fingers a few moments.

“Arabella,” he said, presently, (he had excused himself for this familiarity on the ground that it was the only part of her name he knew), “Arabella, it is pleasant for me to be with you.”

Mrs. Blanc smiled cheerfully. She was a kind-hearted creature, thoroughly good-natured, and perhaps of all women in the world the fondest of admiration.

“I was just wondering whether you wouldn’t come over,” she said; “I have learned to be so happy in your company that I begin to long for it.”

Mr. Gulliver was startled. Could it be true that she was unconsciously in love with him? This doubled the risk. It was characteristic of Mr. Gulliver’s mind that as this last thought occurred to him, he dropped into a formula, and wondered if the risk didn’t vary as the square of the number of component parties, and was not quadrupled. But he was very glad he had had the conscience and the courage to be frank, for he might save her from harm, as well as himself; so he said significantly:

“Has it occurred to you, Arabella, that there is in this mutual attraction an element of danger?”

She gave him a quick, keen glance; then she covered her face with her hands.

“O Mr. Gulliver,” she faltered, “have you seen this, too?”

Then she threw herself impulsively into his arms.

“O Mr. Gulliver,” she sobbed, “I couldn’t help it, could I?”

“My poor child,” sighed Mr. Gulliver, drawing her head upon his shoulder, and soothing her.

But his tenderness was more fatherly than lover-like.

Mr. Gulliver was at heart a true man, and in his view Arabella’s weakness was her security. With only himself to guard, he might have been too little careful. With her to protect, he could take no risks whatever. The line must be drawn at absolute justice and propriety.

“We must not only do right,” he said to her; “we must think right and feel right. It is impossible for us ever to be more than friends. Whether we can continue friends depends entirely upon whether our wishes can stop there.”

Mrs. Blanc’s assent was enthusiasm. She had heard (or had she only dreamed?) of natures as noble as Mr. Gulliver’s, but she had never hoped to meet one. She had felt that there should be possible a communion of congenial spirits, so far above ordinary intercourse as to be indifferent to it. She agreed with Mr. Gulliver that this discovery of mutual affection should make their interviews fewer, and their conduct more circumspect. Their love was based on the recognition in each

other of the highest elements of soul and character. Its first condition was therefore thorough respect, and this demanded that each should be true to one's self and to all one's relations to others. Such a love was no temptation, but inspiration to all that is highest and noblest.

So they parted with souls elevated by high purpose, and Mr. Gulliver lay awake all night blessing Providence for making him worthy of a love so pure and noble. But he said nothing about it to Mrs. Gulliver.

The next day was Saturday. There was no school, and Mr. Gulliver heroically resolved not to see Mrs. Blanc. But he spent all his time thinking of her. He ought to have written a sermon, but every idea was based upon and bounded by Arabella.

"Upon my word," chuckled Mr. Gulliver, "I feel like writing poetry! I'll do it this minute."

And do it that minute he did, gleefully making the most of an inspiration altogether novel.

"What shall it be about?" Mr. Gulliver inquired of his heart, having laid before him a quire of paper with temptingly wide lines, and resolving, such is the force of habit, that no erasure or correction should mar the clear white surface.

"The feeling that possesses me most," he observed analytically, "is joy at having discovered my other self,—the one being twin to my soul from all eternity. Now how shall I give it expression?"

In clean-cut black, he wrote over the top of the page:

TO ARABELLA.

And then he sat, pen in hand, suffusing himself with melancholy rapture.

“What should I say to her if she were here? Or rather, how shall I distil into a few aromatic lines the essence of all I can ever say to her and think of her?”

After some verbal experiments, he began thus:

“Why throbs my joyful heart with vague unrest?”

That line pleased him, and he went on to look for metre and rhyme.

“La la la la, la la la la la la,
La la la la, la la la la la breast,
La la la la, la la, la la la la.”

Laboriously he filled these blanks till near the last:

“Why throbs my joyful heart with vague unrest?

Is it not bliss, that thou art, and art mine?

Then why this discontent within my breast?

This groping, grasping, hungry ——”

The only word Mr. Gulliver could think of to fill the line musically was anodyne, and as that was hardly what he wanted to say, he gave up the stanza and began again.

TO ARABELLA.

“My little one,” ——

I don't know why he called her a little one. She was above the average height of women, and solidly put together. He couldn't have lifted her over a fence to save her life. But some way it seemed to him a tender and fitting address. In fact, it almost wrote itself, and he went on to manufacture a metre to fit it.

“My little one,

How strange it seems thou art so lately mine.

For thou art all to me;

And when I see

How close the tie that binds my soul to thine,

I wonder why so long
Thou wert but of the throng.
Oh ! why not sooner did my heart divine
Its cheering Sun ?
For Sun thou art.
Rejoicing, brightening, quickening into life
Before unknown.
O sweet mine own,
Until I knew thee I had constant strife
With sullen, moody pride,
Longings unsatisfied.—
Unstable purposeless, with doubtings rife,
Sad was my heart
Till it knew thee.
Then, as the clouds from off a gloomy sea
My doubts dispelled,
My bosom swelled
With joy and thankfulness and love to thee.
I live for something now ;
The sunshine from thy brow
Is health and inspiration unto me.
I live for thee.”

“ There,” said Mr. Gulliver, complacently, as he wrote the last line ; “ I believe that’s a genuine poem.”

He had composed it readily, occupying perhaps an hour. It gave pretty fair expression to one phase of his feelings, and the two or three lines that seemed most felicitous excited him enough to bring his fist down on the table with a suspires “ I’ve hit it ! ” On the whole, he thought he must have struck a little poetic fire, and he read it aloud a few times to see if the inspiration had evoked melodious rhythm.

It didn’t satisfy him, and he thought he would compare it with something of Tennyson’s. He opened at

the invitation in Maud, and he read that aloud. He thought he could perceive a difference.

“ ‘ Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red,’ ”

he repeated. “ That has the true musical ring. Why can't I write like that? I don't believe Tennyson ever felt that sentiment as deeply as I do at this minute, and yet see how limpidly and passionately he expresses what I have been drawling in rhyming prose. ”

Mr. Gulliver was discouraged. He even tore in two his sheet of verses. But he copied them again, and he read them that evening to Arabella. The next day he preached an old sermon. He lived for some days in a sort of ecstasy.

When Mr. Gulliver was asked by Gottlieb if he had “ nefer feel dees,” he had added to his reply that as he was forty-five years old it was reasonable to suppose he never should feel it.

That was a mistake of Mr. Gulliver's. There is in almost every nature a fund of sentiment, usually even of sentimentality, which will gush forth as soon as it is tapped. If it be left undisturbed till well into middle life it is likely to be the more violent when the outlet is furnished, not only because a greater store has accumulated, but because the imagination supplements it. The love-sick boy gushes with all the feeling in him, but the love-sick man gushes with all the feeling in him and all the feeling that his observation and reading have suggested there ought to be in him. No wonder there is no fool like an old fool. It is perhaps quite as well for Pendennis's future peace of mind, that

the stormy waves of his boyish passion should dash against the marble bosom of a Fotheringay.

Mr. Gulliver had never met a Fotheringay. Till Arabella came he had been, so to speak, in bachelor meditation fancy free. With her, romance had entered into his life for the first time, and he yielded himself rapturously to the luxury of sentimental imagination.

And she ?

Well, I can tell what she did, but I flatter myself that I know I don't know why she did it. When she reads this chapter (and read it she will, for she is still a teacher), and when she laughs over it (and laugh over it she will, for she is good-natured, and, besides, she is so fond of attention that she had rather appear in this story as a siren than not to appear at all)—when, I say, she laughs over this chapter, she shall not laugh at me for pretending to understand her. O, no! It is years since I have seen her, and I have been long enough away from her influence to have formed what seems to me an unprejudiced opinion of her character and actions. But I freely admit that she could talk me out of that opinion in half an hour, and persuade me to accept any one of her dozen metamorphoses as the original and only Arabella. And so she can you, wise reader. If she discusses this chapter with you, she will convince you, if she chooses, that Mr. Gulliver was a scheming villain, whose machinations only her instinctive womanhood enabled her to detect and foil; and that I—but never mind what she will say about me. Only, don't forget that I tell only the what; not the why.

What she did, was to respond fully to Mr. Gulliver's feelings. They were feelings she never could have originated. For instance, his main purpose was to be just to his wife, Arabella's husband being too mythical to be considered. Now of herself Arabella never would have concerned herself as to how Mrs. Gulliver would be affected by Mr. Gulliver's affection for another woman. But when Mr. Gulliver's heart vibrated with a chivalrous feeling of duty toward a wife he had not yet learned to love, Arabella's heart responded, and beat in unison. Once having caught the key, it struck a fuller chord, and echoed back his feeble note in a rich diapason. This was why he adored her. All that was best in him came back from her enriched by broader sympathy and deeper intensity. How could he know that it was the varying wind which produced these noble harmonies, and that the harp itself was only a mechanical arrangement of cat-gut?

I do not mean that Mrs. Blanc was insincere. It is not villains who do most mischief in this world. A bad purpose is often recognized in time to be foiled. A wicked heart inevitably betrays itself. But the dangerous ones are those whose good impulses and quick sympathies gain your confidence, and whose weak and vacillating character betrays you.

Mr. Gulliver's sentiments were silly, but not ignoble. A true woman would either have pitied him or ridiculed him; in either case, she would have cured him. But Arabella echoed him, and thus allured him into recklessness.

Mr. Gulliver fought hard, but he fought unassisted and not wisely. He resolved to keep away from Ara-

bella, and for days his struggles were agonies. Finally there came a memorable Sunday. Mr. Gulliver preached his morning sermon with parched lips, and he prayed with trembling tongue, and a heart making its last struggle to seem sincere. He excused himself from Sabbath school, and he announced that there would be no evening service. All that afternoon he wrestled, but he dared not call upon God for help. Finally his will broke down, and the impulses he had repressed for years rushed over him in maddening inundation. He seized his hat, and almost ran to Mrs. Blanc's room. He looked to her like one just rising from a fever.

"Arabella," he hissed, "it is useless. We cannot live apart. You must fly with me this night. See, I have money. We will cross the ocean. You must go with me, or I shall go mad!"

Mrs. Blanc was appalled. Was this the Genie she had amused herself by conjuring up? Fly with him, indeed! It needed no moral considerations to deter her. It was well enough to indulge in a little sentimental folly, but when it came to making herself an outcast, that was simply preposterous. And with a country-minister, forty-five years old, afflicted with dyspepsia! Dangerous as Mr. Gulliver looked, she could hardly help laughing in his face. And yet she did not want to hurt his feelings, and she was puzzled to know how to get him home and to bed. Just as every resource seemed to fail her, her quick ear caught a footstep on the stairs.

Mr. Gulliver had supposed that Arabella's silence was due to womanly delicacy, naturally rather shocked

at his abrupt proposal, but sure to be swept down by the strong current of her love for him. Just as he thought she was about to yield, she exclaimed in great agitation:

“O Mr. Gulliver, Mrs. Ollapod Gulliver is coming!”

In his feverish excitement this interruption was maddening, and he cried out:

“Damn Mrs. Ollapod Gulliver!”

I am sorry for him, but that is what he said.

And his wife heard him.

* * * * *

When the screen falls in the School for Scandal, it is customary for Mr. Joseph Surface to stand abashed for at least a minute of awful silence. I presume that is all right, and do not doubt that Sheridan's original stage-directions require it. But the feminine mind moves quicker. In a like situation, Mrs. Blanc would have conceived her story instantly, and would have told it merrily, without pausing or faltering.

When Mrs. Gulliver entered the room, Arabella rushed toward her in an overwhelming gush of affection and relief.

“I am so glad you have come,” she began to say, “poor Mr. Gulliver has been overworked, and—”

But there even she paused. For silently, sadly, but with unapproachable dignity, Mrs. Gulliver drew herself up, and looked Mrs. Blanc full in the face. Before that glance Arabella's eyes fell. And there the two women stood, while Mr. Gulliver wondered.

I doubt whether anything else could so soon have recovered his reason, as amazement to see Arabella quail before the superior womanhood of his wife. He

had never thought it possible to compare the two. While the one was a glorious woman, the other was to his mind still only a child. But in the presence of the two thus brought together, the scales fell from his eyes. He had guiltily lavished on an unworthy stranger the love his own wife so much better deserved. He had braved ignominy and pollution, to fly from his own wife with a woman unfit to tie her shoe-strings. As his folly flashed upon him, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child.

“O Priscilla, Priscilla,” he moaned; “forgive me if you can, for I can never forgive myself.”

Not another word was spoken, as Priscilla drew him gently from the room, and left Arabella still standing with her head bowed down.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ACADEMY CLOSES ABRUPTLY.

For some days after the Sunday when evening service had been omitted, Mr. Gulliver was ill, too ill to be seen by any of his parishoners.

“No wonder,” they sighed; “poor man, why should he try to do double work? Is it not enough to prepare two such sermons as his, every week, without five days’ teaching?”

Even Mrs. Blanc was refused admittance. She called every day. Every day Mrs. Gulliver met her politely, coldly, composedly, giving her no opportunity for advances or explanations.

During these days, Mrs. Blanc was thoughtful and sober. Now and then she would make effort to display her accustomed vivacity, but even her scholars could see that her wit had no heart in it.

She wondered at this. Why should she be sad because Mr. Gulliver by losing his reason had recovered it? She knew that all was over between them. Her quick eye had lost none of the significance of his surprise to see her quail before Mrs. Gulliver. She *had* quailed before Mrs. Gulliver. Mrs. Gulliver was a remarkable woman, as her husband would have learned long ago if he had been less absorbed in admiring himself. Of course, now that he had learned it, he would adore and reverence and love her, as she deserved.

But what was that to Mrs. Blanc? What did she want with Mr. Gulliver's love? It could be of no possible service to her, now that her school was prosperously started. Indeed, it had shown symptoms of being a passion very awkward to manage. It had beguiled her leisure for the time. It had even given rise to some novel sentimental experience, to which, as a response to his seething love, she had resigned herself, all the time analytically examining her feelings to see if they were like what she had read about. It had suggested, if it had not fairly weakened in her, some higher feelings, some real tenderness, some honest soul-sympathy, of which she was gratified to find herself still capable. On the whole, she had enjoyed and profited by it.

But the novelty had already begun to wain, and his romantic attentions to grow tiresome, when his sudden insanity at once revealed her danger and provided an escape. The danger had been imminent, for if Mrs. Gulliver had not so opportunely appeared, a scandal might have arisen which would have jeopardized Mrs. Blanc's school, if not her reputation.

As it was, she was safe. The secret was known only to the husband and the wife, whose motives for preserving it inviolate were even more imperative than her own. On the whole, she ought to feel relieved that a complication so serious had resolved itself so harmlessly.

So she reasoned, and yet she was sad, she knew not why. The love that was becoming something of a restraint, almost an annoyance, like other blessings brightened as it took its flight. To her Mr. Gulliver

was not the great man he seemed to Constantinople. She had travelled much, conversed with many, seen the few who are really eminent; and she recognized in the Reverend Ollapod Gulliver only a country clergyman of unusual singleness and tenacity of purpose. But after all there was much genuine manhood in him; and all that was genuine, he had with all his tenacity fixed upon her. While she was assured of it, she had been indifferent. Now that it was gone, she felt a sense of loss.

It would be unfair to say that this loss of power over another was the only loss she felt. The tenderness, the sympathy his love had stimulated, had been grateful feelings. They had been evanescent. Too shallow for love, they had inspired only a silly sentiment, and this had soon evaporated. But, weak as it was, it had been a glimpse of something better than her daily life, her habitual thought; and she looked back to it longingly. She cut this little slip out of a newspaper, and sighed over it, and thought she understood it:

“Love holds me so!
I would that I could go!
I flutter up and down, and to and fro,
In vain—Love holds me so.

“Love let me go:—
I seek him high and low;
I wander up and down, and to and fro
In vain, in vain,—and life is cruel woe,
Since Love has let me go.”

But as the days passed by, and still Mrs. Gulliver was polite and cold and composed; as Mr. Gulliver grew well enough to go to ride, and yet made no effort

to see her; as at length they met, and she noted in his eye a start of wonder that this could be the woman he had lately so madly and wickedly loved, she knew that the glamour had departed, and that she would be recognized even by him as scheming and shallow. Then she felt, first bitter, then indifferent, then defiant.

“At least that haughty wife of his shall never exult over my wounded affections,” she said to herself, with clinched teeth. Her gayety became fierce, her wit glittering. Her scholars admired her more than ever, but they feared her and almost shrank from her. This, too, she saw, and spent a night in tears of humiliation. Thereafter her girls began to cling about her once more; but towards Mr. Gulliver she felt a resentment that was nearly hatred.

At length he came to see her. He brought back all her tender, tearful letters, her picture worn thin with kisses, his half of a little gold dollar they had broken between them, and a heart from which the unholy love had gone out, but which was full of sympathy and penitence.

He was prepared to take all the blame upon himself; to beg her pardon for arousing in her a love he had no right to inspire and could no longer return; to bless her for giving him his first glimpse of the power and beauty of true womanhood; and to promise her that, although his eyes had thus been opened to the nobility of a wife who would thereafter enjoy the absorbing love she had always deserved, Arabella should be no loser, for he would ever be her grateful, penitent and steadfast friend.

But Mrs. Blanc's eyes glittered, as he entered her room, and before he could speak she had overwhelmed him with a torrent of flippant jests. She laughed merrily, as she opened her notes, one by one, and read extracts from them, with facetious comments. She gathered from drawers where they had been carelessly and promiscuously scattered (for this special occasion) all the notes and trinkets she had received from him, and pushed the heap across the table with the air of an actor removing his mask. Finally she tied up together her own letters and laid them away, saying that it was too much bother to write them over again every time, and they would do just as well for the next man.

"To tell the truth," she concluded, confidentially, "I always have to go through this performance with the president of the board in order to get fairly started in a school. You know, yourself, you would never have given me this academy, if, before I broached the subject, I hadn't got fairly intrenched in your sensibilities."

She ended with a ringing laugh, but Mr. Gulliver stood pale and still.

"Arabella," he said, moistening his lips, and speaking slowly and painfully, "Arabella, are you playing a part with me?"

"On the contrary," she replied, carelessly, "I have finished playing a part. I wanted the academy and I have got it; and what's more, I have got a hold on your reputation, that makes me secure of your influence. Why should I play a part any longer?"

And this time her laugh was insolent.

Mr. Gulliver leaned against the table, and his voice

trembled, but his eyes looked into Mrs. Blanc's with a gaze she could not avoid and that haunted her dreams for years.

"Arabella," he said huskily, "I once heard a man curse a woman. She had deceived him, as you have deceived me. I cannot curse you. May God, in his infinite mercy, bless you, now and always. But may I never look upon your face again."

And then he left her.

Next morning there was no school at the Academy. Mrs. Blanc had departed from the village as abruptly as she entered it.

CHAPTER XII

AMONG THE COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

Gottlieb Krottenthaler's phenomenal progress in his studies was the more remarkable because he still gave so much of his time to peddling. On almost every Friday night he took the cars for Norway to replenish his stock. During the week he was continually finding a day to spare "for my peeziness," till every road leading from Constantinople became familiar to him, and half the house-wives in town had chatted with him.

For Gottlieb was a philosophical pedler. He was never disturbed by indifference or rudeness; in fact, he often spent the most time where he was worst treated. He seemed to wear an invisible armor against insult, for a bullying man or a sharp-tongued always arouse his interest and stimulated his persistence.

"Dey pe my pest coostomers," he explained, one day. "De man mit hees kreat pig heart on hees sleeve, he pe open to eferypoty, und eferypoty haf sell him all he vant pefore I see him. Put te man mit ein pull-tog in hees face, und ein krating over hees pocket-pook, he keep off de crowd, und haf lots of money und needs to puy mit."

It was true that Gottlieb often sold goods where other pedlers failed, but he seemed just as contented if he sold nothing. Over and over again he would

bandy words with a gruff grumbler, anon verbally patting him on the shoulder, and anon harrassing him by seeming sympathy which happened to take a particularly aggravating form, but always drawing forth from him an epitome of the current discontent of the neighborhood.

And how he enjoyed a vinegar-faced gossip! Her abuse would usually fall first on pedlers in general and himself in particular. But Gottlieb's good-nature was as impervious to insults as plumage is to Pluvius. Let a virago face him with arms akimbo, and Gottlieb would meet her looks with amused curiosity, reply to her maledictions with deference, and presently lead her to mention other grievances which oppressed her. On these he would bestow such intelligent and respectful sympathy that her tone would change from abuse to confidence, and Gottlieb would find himself the repository of her private and social griefs. Then he would inquire about the neighbors, and minister, and the school-trustees, and whether the teacher kept good order, and whether the store-keeper gave good weight, until he was as thoroughly acquainted with village gossip as if he had worn girl's clothes to a missionary sewing-circle.

By this time the question of his making sales would depend entirely on whether the woman had any money. Whether she bought anything or not, Gottlieb would part with her almost affectionately; and when he was out of sight of the house, he would jot down her age, complexion, peculiarities of manner or speech and especially any expressions she had used which were novel or forcible. For Gottlieb was a statistician.

So much of local gossip pertained to the school-teacher of the district—where he came from, who he was, why the trustee hired him, whether he knew much, what sort of order he kept, whether he was married, and, if so, whether he quarrelled with his wife; whether he favored the big girls, and especially whether he favored any big girl in particular; whether he paid his bills, whether he smoked and chewed and drank beer and played cards or billiards; whether he was likely to be kept another term, whether he went to the institute, whether the big boys could catch him on hard problems, and whether he could spell *aesophagus*; whether he took part in prayer meeting, and sat still in church, and had a class in the Sunday-school; whether he was really a Methodist or was actually a Free-will Baptist, and only pretended to be a Methodist because he wanted to get on the right side of the trustee; whether his license was second or third grade, and whether there was much difference, as commissioners are now; whether he wouldn't get arrested and fined for the way he whipped Tommy Dole, and whether it was true that he kissed Sally Ames when he kept her after school,—so prevailing were these themes of speculation, that Gottlieb never missed an opportunity to stop at the school-house and visit the school.

Perhaps the unexpected appearance at the door of a foreigner with blue army overcoat and a pedler's pack was a severe test of the teacher's courtesy, for some of the pedagogues treated Gottlieb rudely. In one district, well up the mountain in the south-eastern

part of Alaska, Gottlieb knocked at the door. There was no response, and he knocked louder, thinking perhaps he was not audible, the school being very noisy. This time he heard two or three boys call to the teacher:

“ Say you! somebody’s at the door.”

“ What’s that to you? Shut up, and let him stay there,” was the gruff reply.

Gottlieb thereupon opened the door and entered the room. It was a log school-house, with no other seats than one long, backless bench around three sides, on which the pupils faced the wall, with a level, hacked and ink-stained board for a desk. In the middle was a red-hot stove. The average temperature must have been ninety degrees, though it was lessened by the cold air that came rushing in between the logs and over the scholars’ feet. Two malicious boys and a stupid-looking girl were standing up for what was called a spelling class. The rest lounged about in every attitude but that of study, most of them with scarfs about their necks and colds exuding from their noses.

So much Gottlieb took in at a glance; and it was well his eye was quick enough, for the moment the teacher saw him, he sang out, threateningly:

“ Well, you blanked Dutchman, what do you want here? ”

“ I haf coom to veesit de school von leettle,” replied Gottlieb, humbly.

“ Well, this ain’t no loafin’ place for Jews,” jeered the teacher, “ so you just git eout.—Say, fellers,” he added as an afterthought, “ let’s see what the cuss has got in his pack.”

Up jumped all the boys and two or three rushed forward, intending to throw Gottlieb down. But some-way when they got near him they did not like the look of his eyes, and they stood irresolute.

“What in blank are you afraid of?” the teacher sneered. “Can’t a dozen of you lay out one Dutchman?”

Gottlieb had in his hand a hickory walking-stick which always accompanied him on his travels. He did not raise it or perceptibly clutch it, yet somehow every boy there knew that it would come down remorseless and irresistible on the head of the first that approached nearer. So one of them said to the teacher:

“Well, Jones, you proposed this thing; suppose you sail in yourself.”

“Take your seats,” snarled Mr. Jones. “For a set o’ chicken-livered cowards you’ll take the belt. As for you,” turning to Gottlieb, “git eout o’ here, I tell ye.”

“On de whole, I tink I shtay von vile,” replied Gottlieb, removing his pack, and deliberately helping himself to the only chair in the room. “Go on mit de circus.”

Fume as he might, Mr. Jones was helpless. Gottlieb’s coolness had won the sympathy of the school, and every pupil enjoyed the teacher’s discomfiture. It was only half-past nine, and it would not do to dismiss, so poor Jones had nothing left for it but to call out his classes under the inspection of those cold, keen blue eyes.

“Class in ’rithmetic,” he snarled, and two boys and three girls came forward and stood on the floor.

"Where does your lesson begin?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Page 74,"

"D'vidin' fractions,"

"Don't know,"

"Seventeenth sum,"

"Whar we left off,"

} replied the class.

There was neither blackboard, nor place for the class to sit. Only one girl had a slate, and only one boy and one girl had books. Mr. Jones borrowed the girl's book, and told the boy with a book to take the girl's slate and do the eighteenth problem.

"D'no how," he replied, indifferently.

"Well, who can do it?" asked Mr. Jones. The girl with the slate thought she could, and stood 'balancing herself first on one foot and then on the other, and dividing her time between staring at the printed page, making sprawling figures, and rubbing them out again with the flat of her hand, previously moistened by contact with her entire tongue. After full ten minutes, during which one boy pinched the other, and the other pinched a girl, and the girl told Mr. Jones, and Mr. Jones said if the boy did it again he'd take the head off him, and the boy did it again, and Mr. Jones told him to take his seat, and the boy lounged to his seat, running his foot along under the bench on the way to kick all the legs and ankles within reaching distance—after all this and more like it, the girl with a slate said she guessed she had got it.

"What's the answer?" asked Mr. Jones.

" $1\frac{3}{25}$," replied the girl."

"That's right; well done, Pheely," said the teacher, examining the slate with apparent minuteness. "Now, Tom, can you do the nineteenth?"

"Ef you please, I like to see dot shlate," said Gottlieb, coming forward and holding out his hand. Mr. Jones tried to interfere, but too late. Curiously enough, the pupils showed a readiness to obey Gottlieb which was new to that school-house.

Selected from a mass of meaningless figures, and arranged, Pheely's work was as follows:

"Divide $\frac{21}{8}$ by $\frac{4}{13}$.

$$\frac{21}{8} \times \frac{4}{13} = \frac{25}{22} = 1\frac{3}{22}. \quad \text{Ans.}"$$

"How you do dees?" asked Gottlieb, calling Pheely to him.

"Nvertdivisornpceedsumltplcation," was the ready reply.

"Yaw, I see," said Gottlieb. "Vell, Pheely, which pe de tevisor?"

"The biggest one, of course."

"Vot make you tink so?"

"Why Jones says the divisor is always the biggest one."

"Course it is," broke in the teacher. "How can you divide anything by something bigger than it is itself?"

"How many you have in your family vere you poard?" asked Gottlieb, turning to Mr. Jones.

"Six," replied Mr. Jones, sulkily.

"How many pie you haf for deener?"

"One."

"How many pieces pe it cut into?"

"Six."

"Den you defide one by seex, don't it? a small roomper by a peege von?"

"I don't call that dividing one by six; I call it dividing one by one-sixth."

"O, do you? Den vot you vould have if you multiply von by von-seexth?"

"Six," answered the teacher, after a moment's pause.

"Den eef you haf von pie und I haf von seexth so many, I haf seex pies, don't it?"

"O, blank your pies," said Mr. Jones, disgusted to hear the scholars snicker. "If you are going to run this school, you'd better take out a stiffkit."

"Vell, Pheely," and Gottlieb turned once more to the big, awkward girl beside him, "as tings pe, I tink you do de pest you can. Now you see dot de defisor may pe either pigger or smaller as de oder?"

"Ye-e-s."

"Vot you call de oder?"

It required the united efforts of the class to reach the word dividend.

"Now we haf talk as eef de tefisor pe de noomper tefitet. Pe you sure of dot?"

Pheely wasn't, though she said they had always been taught that way. A reference to the book convinced her that she was wrong, and that she had inverted the dividend instead of the divisor.

"Now, how you infert him?" asked Gottlieb.

"Why turn the figures bottom-side up, of course," said Pheely, pointing to the slate. "When you invert $\frac{21}{8}$ you have $\frac{8}{21}$."

"O yaw, I see," said Gottlieb. "Vell, vot den?"

"Prceedsmltplcation."

"How pe dot?"

“Addnmratersfrnewnmratorndnomnatorsfrnewdenomnator.”

“You tink you add numerator in multiplication?”

After a time Pheely admitted that she should have multiplied together her numerators and denominators.

“Vell, efen eef you should add, how haf you done dot here?”

“Add 21 and 4, makes 25, for new numerator, and 8 and 13 makes 22 for new denominator.”

“Yaw. Vell, in de first place, eef you add 21 as 21, vot kood pe it to turn de fikure ofer?”

“Why, the rule says to invert it.”

“But vot pe de use of inferting eef he make no deeference in de answer?”

“O, I don’t know.”

“Vell, you tink 8 and 13 make 22?”

After consultation with the class, Pheely thought it should be 21, and further questioning convinced her that the $\frac{3}{25}$ should be $\frac{3}{22}$. Then the work was gone over again, the mistakes corrected, and the solution made to stand as follows:

$$\frac{21}{8} \div \frac{4}{13} = \frac{21}{8} \times \frac{13}{4} = \frac{273}{32} = 8\frac{17}{32}.$$

“So de work was not quite so ‘right; vell done, Pheely’ as you tought, Mr. Jones?” Gottlieb inquired of that unhappy individual. “Pheely, who pe de school-trustee here?”

“Why, it’s my father,” said Pheely, blushing.

“Und vere do he leef?”

“In that red house, on the right-hand side of the road;” and Pheely pointed through the window.

“Vill you lend me dees slate to take home for you?” asked Gottlieb.

“ O, yes.”

“ I will see you more again, Pheely. Good morning, Mr. Jones,” and, with a bow, Gottlieb took up his cane and pack to leave the room.

“ Oh I say now, Mister, don’t be hard on a feller,” begged Mr. Jones, abjectly ; “ you can’t expect much in a country district like this. I only get a dollar a day, and I have to pay twenty shillin’ for board. Just look at this old building, not fit for hogs to live in, and see what a rough lot of scholars these be. It ain’t my fault. I do the best I can.”

“ I tink it pe not your fault dot you pe hiret,” replied Gottlieb, emphatically ; “ it pe de fault of a seestem dot haf no law to make dees ting eempossible. Put you do not dé pest you can. You haf no learning for dees place, put learning pe not all. You might see dot de room pe so comfortaple as it can pe, und not mit a red-hot stofe, paking de air like ein pottery furnace. You might care dot dese leetle shildren take off dier scarfs und ofershoe, und not ko out mit de same clothes from ein huntert dekrees apofe zero to twenty pelow. You might shtop oop dese cracks petween de logs, vot pring in icy wind ofer dese leetle legs. You might pe kint und true und honeest in tealing mit dese leetle mints dot get from you deir first eempression. You might show dem py your own politeness to de stranger who comes in, efen a poor Cherman pettler, dot de oonwreeten law of courtesy pe de corner-shtone of true etucation. Haf you do dese ? ”

“ O you be blowed,” said Mr. Jones, disgusted.

But that noon he was discharged.

CHAPTER XIII.

A ROUTINE TEACHER.

One afternoon, Gottlieb stepped into a school-room that seemed like a dungeon. It was dark, dismal, repelling. It showed somebody's effort to keep it clean, but the effort was more impressive than the cleanliness. Everything was angular, rigid, monotonous. Not a curtain, not a picture, not a map, not an ornament relieved the sombre walls. The teacher's desk was bare, save for one cheap bottle of ink, one accommodation holder and pen, and the few books used in recitation, arranged in distressful primness.

She was herself a weary-eyed woman; she went through the day's routine with mechanical regularity and lifelessness. Gottlieb recognized in her one of these unhappy beings who spend their lives in doing their duty, only because it is their duty. Of animation, buoyancy, cheerfulness, enjoyment, she knew nothing. If anything seemed to her pleasant to do, she doubted whether she ought to do it. To her, life was a winding and grinding treadmill; she found her only happiness in reflecting at the close of the day that she had persisted in the weary round until body and soul were exhausted.

Of course her scholars showed the impress of her character. They were reasonably industrious, unreas-

onably quiet, unreasoningly obedient. They were torpid even in play. An oppressive shadow hung over them.

They respected their teacher. For years she had taught that school, and for years every one had spoken of her with deference. "She is a God-fearing woman," the minister said, and he was right. "She is ree-liable, every time," the trustee boasted, and he told the truth. "She is a woman as don't srink from no dooty," was the sewing-circle verdict, and facts supported it. So the "Hog-Holler Deestrick," as it was called, looked with complacency and neighboring districts with envy upon Martha Rood; and all the time Martha Rood, fearing God, and doing her duty, was crushing out of the children of the district everything that makes childhood happy and manhood promising.

Gottlieb sat for an hour in his quiet, observant way, and then he asked:

"Vas haf dees shilder do dot dey pe sent here?"

Miss Rood was never surprised,—she hadn't life enough—but she thought it a curious question. What could this foreigner mean? He must be thoroughly unacquainted with our institutions.

"Why they haven't done anything," she replied, "this is a school."

"O yaw, I know. You haf many name for ting in dees lant. Sometime you say preeson, den you say shail, den you say lockup, den you say chug, penitentiary, reformatory, house of refuge, shkool—I haf hear all dese name; it is all one teeng. Put vas dees poys und kirls here haf do, dot dey moost kommen here?"

Haf dey shteel, lie, proke vindow, set parn on fire, someting like dot ? ”

“ Why, no, ” said the puzzled teacher, whose perplexity no ray of native humor illuminated; “ these are good boys and girls, sent here by their parents to get an education. ”

“ Etucation ? Vas pe dot ? ” inquired the innocent German.

“ Education ? why knowing how to read and write and cipher and such things, ” replied Miss Rood, as puzzled as though she was called upon to demonstrate an axiom.

“ Vas goot pe dot ? ” persisted the pedler, doubtfully.

“ What good ? why all good, ” but Miss Rood once more floundered. “ A man has to have an education, or he—he don’t amount to anything. What could a man do who couldn’t read ? ”

U A reading-class happened to be on the floor at this moment. Before the conversation began, the following paragraph had been read by each member of the class :

But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle ; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every whig in this country and in Ireland is with them. Who then, let me demand, has given, and continues to give, this strange and unconstitutional advice ?

With the repeated reading of this paragraph, and the spelling of the polysyllables in it, the recitation was practically over. Had not Gottlieb begun to ask questions, one more paragraph would have been read in the same way before recess.

“ Veel you permeet me to ask dees class some question ? ” asked Gottlieb, politely, and Miss Rood assented.

“ Vas pe dees paragraph apout ? ” asked Gottlieb.

No one could answer, yet the scholars were so listless that they hardly looked at one another in wonder at such a strange question.

“ Pe it prose or poetry ? ”

“ Prose. ”

“ How yo know ? ”

{ “ It don’t rhyme. ”

{ “ Lines don’t begin with capitals. ”

{ “ It’s just talking. ”

These replies were not simultaneous nor speedy.

“ Vas kint of prose pe eet ? Shtory, heestory, deeshcreption, shpeech, sermon, essay—vas you tink ? ”

The class decided that it was a speech.

“ Who made eet ? ”

It was some time before one of the class found at the end the name of Lord Chatham.

“ Who vas Lort Chatham ? ”

Nobody knew.

“ Ven haf he leev ? ”

Miss Rood had to suggest that it was in the time of the Revolutionary War.

“ Ven vas dees var ? ”

“ Fourth o’ July, ” replied one boy, promptly. Enough had already been said about the Centennial to enable the class to conjecture that the speech was delivered a hundred years ago. It took some time longer to secure an opinion as to whether the speech was for the war or against it. The class had never heard of

parliament, and thought on reflection that the address, "My Lords," with which the speech began was decidedly profane, though they had not noticed it, or indeed much else, when they read the first paragraph.

The three millions of people, they guessed must be the number of soldiers the Yankees had. They didn't know how large armies usually are, nor could they tell the present population of America. ||

"Vas he mean py de protuce of Amereeka?" asked Gottlieb.

"I know," replied one boy, warmed into a semblance of activity; "produce is corn an' wheat an' oats an' things;" but he could not tell just what connection corn and wheat and oats had with the sentence, or why the struggle was unnatural, or what wide empire was referred to.

A whig was defined as something folks wear when their hair is all gone, and it was a novel intellectual triumph for the little girl who was the first to suggest any rational meaning for the sentence. She said she supposed it meant every old man in this country and Ireland, because it is old men who wear wigs.

What strange advice it was that was given, the class did not know and could not discover from the context. The only scholar who had any definition for unconstitutional was a boy who had heard his father say that it meant unhealthy.

Miss Rood confessed that such unintelligent reading could be of little benefit to the class, but attributed the fault to the books in use, which contained pieces so difficult and uninteresting. But Gottlieb showed her that if the class was vividly impressed with the

historical period, the dignity of the House of Lords, the momentousness of the occasion, the boldness and eloquence of Chatham would be a living inspiration, and every boy in school would be a greater and a better man for what he had learned from this reading lesson.

Then Gottlieb drew from his pocket a morning paper from Picayuna, and asked the largest boy in the class to read the following:

GRAIN.—WHEAT, nominal. RYE, quiet; sales at 88@89 in the street. OATS, at 42@46 for street lots; store and rail lots 43@45. CORN, quiet; sales at 60@61 for old western and 59½@59¾ for new. Barley doing nothing.

Neither he nor others of the class could make intelligent guesses at the meaning of this paragraph. Yet they were all farmers' sons. Then Gottlieb read from other parts of the paper, including certain humorous items, and he showed Miss Rood clearly not only that her scholars had had no instruction in what was of prime importance to them, but that their minds were sluggish, unimaginative, without originality or resource.

"But what am I to do?" asked Miss Rood, when the children had gone out to recess. "I have tried to do my duty; I don't know how to do it any differently; and yet I see that I have failed." And she would have cried, had not a sense of responsibility to her position restrained her.

"Ef you vill geef me sharch of de shchool a few meenutes, I show you vas I tink," replied Gottlieb. So when the scholars had taken their seats, Miss Rood asked them to give attention to the stranger.

"Poys und kirls," Gottlieb begun, "I pe koing to play mit you ein leetle kame."

Play a game in school hours! The pupils could hardly believe their ears.

“ I pe tinking of sometings,” continued the pedler
“ und de kame pe for you to fint out vas I tink of.”

Then he explained that they must discover it by asking questions which he could answer by “ Yes ” or “ No,” and after a time induced one shy little girl to inquire:

“ Is it the stove ? ”

After a dozen such questions, Gottlieb suggested that by such isolated inquiries hours might pass before the right object was guessed. To be successful, the questions should each narrow down the possibilities, till presently the place and the kind of object being both known, but few conjectures would be necessary to locate it. The scholars entered into the game with heartier zeal, as it proceeded, and in half an hour became enthusiastic and not unskilful. The last exercise was as follows:

“ I tink of sometings.”

“ Is it animal ? ”

“ No.”

“ Is it vegetable ? ”

“ No.”

“ Is it mineral ? ”

“ Yaw.”

“ Is it in sight ? ”

“ Yaw.”

“ Is it on one of the walls of the room ? ”

“ Yaw.”

“ Is it on the north wall ? ”

“ No.”

“ Is it on the east wall ? ”

“ Yaw.”

“ Is it connected with a window ? ”

“ No.”

Then there seemed nothing mineral on the wall except the plastering, and the nails in the boards below. So the next question was:

“ Is it of iron ? ”

“ Yaw.”

“ Is it a nail ? ”

“ Yaw.”

And a few more inquiries located the particular nail.

Then Gottlieb pointed out to Miss Rood that in this exercise which they had so keenly enjoyed the children had indirectly learned to distinguish the three kingdoms of matter, and considerable as to the principles of logical classification. But above all their minds were stimulated to spontaneous and healthy action. They were now ready for their regular studies, and the last half-hour of school would be of more value than the whole hour could have been without some such exhilarating impulse. Such exercises should be frequent, varied, always at hand as a resource when the school became torpid.

“ But where shall I get such exercises ? ” asked the teacher; “ is there any book that tells about them ? ”

But Gottlieb said no, there was no one book of any great value, that he knew of; he wished there was. But a great majority of the games used in the social circle were of an intellectual character, and if judiciously used, could be made of service. For instance, take a geography game. Let some scholar name a city,

giving the state or country, as London, England. The next is to instantly name some city of which the initial letter is the same as the last letter of the one first given. London ends with n, and the next city named must begin with N, say Newburyport, Mass. The next may give Troy, N. Y., the next Yonkers, N. Y., the next Syracuse, N. Y., the next Easton, Pa., and so on.

In arithmetic, there are numberless ways of exciting interest. You may start them with the peculiarities of the number 9. Multiply any number by it, and the sum of the figures in the product will be 9. Thus $9 \times 9 = 81$, and $8 + 1 = 9$. $76 \times 9 = 684$; $6 + 8 + 4 = 18$; and $1 + 8 = 9$. Take any row of figures, reverse the order, find the difference of the two numbers, and the figures in it will amount to 9. Thus $6781 - 1876 = 4905$, $4 + 9 + 5 = 18$ and $1 + 8 = 9$. The same will be true of the squares or cubes of any two numbers consisting of the same figures with reverse arrangement. $74 - 47 = 27$. $74^2 - 47^2 = 5476 - 2209 = 3267$. $3 + 2 + 6 + 7 = 18$; $1 + 8 = 9$.

Here is a little trick that will mystify your scholars. Tell them to think of any number of three figures, to reverse the digits, find the difference and tell you the unit figure, whereupon you will tell them the rest of the remainder. The fact is, the middle figure will always be 9, and the sum of the first and last figures will always be 9. So if they say the unit figure is 8, you know the first figure is 1 and the whole remainder 198. Thus if they took the number 472, they would

have $472-274=198$; or $632-236=396$; $594-495=099$, etc.

Again, if you let your scholars multiply the nine digits, either in order or reversed, by nine and multiples of 9, you will surprise them by the peculiar products obtained.

Tell them about the Sieve of Erastothenes. Let them write as far as several hundred, the odd numbers beginning with three. Now let them cross out every third number from three, every fifth number from five, every seventh number from seven, and so on, and the numbers left will be primes, of which there are 1,230 less than 10,000. The sum of any two primes larger than two is an even number; of any three primes larger than two, an odd number.

Such exercises relieve your pupils from the idea that arithmetic is a dry study, because they suggest a certain romance which is attractive to young minds. But they should be employed much less often than general drill in practical problems. You should mark off on the side of your room a rod, subdivided into yards and feet and inches. Then exercise your scholars in measuring by the eye. Let them guess the length and width and thickness of every object in the room. Teach them how many strides they take to a rod, and let them calculate the distances from their homes to the school-house. Then let them reckon what it would cost to lathe, plaster, paper, glaze, paint, and shingle the school-house.

Above all, give them frequent exercises in rapid computation. Give them as fast as you can enunciate such abstract exercises as this: 4 add 6, add 5, divide

by 5, multiply by 7, add 4, divide by 5, add 2, multiply by 7, add 1, divide by 2, multiply by 4, etc.; or practical examples like this, equally fast:

“ Took a dollar to the store and bought 4 lemons at 3 cents each, how much left? two oranges at 5 cents each, how much left? a pencil for 3 cents, two slates at a shilling each, and an arithmetic for 46 cents, and spent the rest for slate pencils at two for a penny. How many did I get? ”

Then there are dissected maps, games of authors and birds, the new spelling game where the material is only a box of letters, which you can cut out yourself, and over which I have sat up with Mr. Gulliver, Mrs. Blanc and Deacon Granger till eleven o'clock, each thoroughly excited and bound to beat. These things are not out of place in the school-room, especially for small scholars and as a reward for good behavior. I have heard of school post-offices, where letters are written by the scholars to the teacher or to each other, with all the formality and all the interest of a regular correspondence.

In short, the expedients for interesting a school are numberless, and it is a teacher's duty to devise and employ them.

But that is not all, Miss Rood. Don't you think this room could be made more attractive? I know the trustee is stingy and your wages are small, but how many pleasant things you could introduce here without its costing either a penny. Would not your scholars bring each of them a picture, or some ornament, or in summer a flower, to ornament the walls? Are there not about here maps of the county or the

State or the country that you could borrow? Would not your scholars gladly join with you in making ever-green mottoes, in bringing in the spring and summer flowers as they bloom, and the choicest autumn leaves? You will find that the room is pleasanter to the children, not only because it is prettier, but because it is they who have made it prettier. And I shall be mistaken if you find the trustee or district stingy in purchasing apparatus after a few months of such home-made adornment.

But after all, Miss Rood (and Gottlieb looked at her more kindly and addressed her still more gently), after all, Miss Rood, what must always be the main attraction of the school-room? Is it not the teacher?

Must she not be in herself pleasant to look upon? You need not blush, Miss Rood. I can see that you have resigned yourself to the conviction that you are not handsome, and you have thought it made little difference how you were dressed, if your clothes were whole and clean. That is a mistake, Miss Rood. It is perhaps every one's duty,—it is certainly every woman's duty—to look as attractive as possible.

You are wearing a brown calico dress, which you made yourself. I don't doubt that it is made of good material and that it will wear well, but the color does not become you. Your complexion is dark and this brown dress makes it dusky. You should wear a lighter color, and you should always wear some little touch of red—say a cherry-colored bow on your dress or in your hair.

Besides, your dress does not fit you. You have a good figure. I notice that you sit erect, without lean-

ing against the back of your chair—a habit very rare in this country and worth more than all the pretty features from Maine to Georgia. And yet you encase this trim, erect, supple figure in a mere bag of a dress, that covers but by no means adorns. For twenty-five cents some dressmaker will give you a pattern by which you can make your dresses to fit as well as to cover your form, and you will be as surprised as your friends will be delighted at the difference.

Then your hair should be differently arranged. The type of a woman's face is oval, and if the countenance be naturally a perfect oval the hair may be combed straight down to the head, as yours is. But very few countenances have this natural form, and woman is given, as you are, luxuriant hair, that it may be so arranged as to supply whatever is lacking. Your forehead is too wide and square, and your hair instead of being plastered down should be puffed or crimped. This is not vanity, any more than it is vanity to make wheat into bread or trees into houses. It is simply making the most of what is given us, and that is every one's duty.

Much more was said in Gottlieb's broken English, which we have condensed and paraphrased to save ourselves labor as well as the reader, and Miss Rood listened at first patiently, then eagerly; at the last she wept softly. When Gottlieb had concluded, she looked up at him and said inquiringly:

“ I don't know your name, sir ? ”

“ Can you pronounce Gottlieb Krottenthaler ? ” asked the pedler.

“ Mr. Krottenthaler,” she continued, too earnest to

respond to Gottlieb's smile, "I never saw you before and I have no possible claim upon you, and yet you have done me, this afternoon, more of the services of a true friend, than all whom I have ever known and loved. For thirty years I have prided myself on doing my whole duty. I see that I have failed, lamentably failed. I don't know why you should have shown this kindness to me, but if you will sometime come here again, you shall see that I have profited by it."

Gottlieb had to pull out his big blue handkerchief before he shook her hand at parting, and he passed a dozen promising houses before he resumed his duty as a pedler. But he did not regret the afternoon.

It may seem strange to the reader, as it did to Miss Rood, that an entire stranger should successfully presume to such intimate converse; but the fact is Gottlieb was accurately observant, honestly sympathetic, and thoroughly in earnest. He thought she needed suggestions that he could give, and he approached her with a momentum of purpose to benefit her that would have borne down greater obstacles than her natural reserve. Brutes are said to recognize their real friends by instinct. Might not Martha Rood have discovered as much by intuition?

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL SCHOOL.

On a little stream that ran down the mountain in the south-east corner of Alaska was a small cutlery-shop. It employed perhaps twenty hands, mostly Englishmen who drank beer as freely here as at home without discovering that in this climate the effect is more brutalizing. A hamlet had grown up, mostly of dwellings built by the owner of the shop, with monotonous uniformity of cheapness and ugliness. There was not one attractive feature for the eye to rest on. The shop was low and black, the workmen were sooty and beery, the women were coarse and slatterly, the children——. But there were no children. While yet on the mother's knee the baby drained its father's mug, and almost as soon as they could walk, the boys and girls were given something to do in the shop.

But for a year or two work had been scarce. Prices were low and the demand small. The men themselves had been put on half-time, and the children were refused work altogether. So the neglected school-house had filled up with perhaps the most stupid, malicious, hopeless lot of vagabonds to be found in the State. Teacher after teacher had been tried and had failed. One fled for his life on the first forenoon; another was pounded nearly to death. The trustee was almost in

despair, and had offered double the usual wages, when he engaged Contents Cadwallader. Gottlieb heard that his fellow-traveller was succeeding admirably, and he took the first convenient opportunity to visit the school.

But as he approached he thought he must have chosen the wrong day. A furlong away he heard an uproar of voices, broken here and there by coarse laughter, and finally uniting into a rollicking song that smacked of the ale-house in movement if not in words. Just as Gottlieb reached the door, the scholars came tumbling out, sweeping him a rod away with their impetus.

As soon as they saw what he was, they surrounded him with gibes and taunts, and were just pulling away his bundle and his stick, when from the school-house door out stalked the gaunt form of Contents Cadwallader. With a stride or two he was at Gottlieb's side, and with one or two movements of his long arms he sent three of the biggest boys sprawling into the snow, whence they picked themselves up with the utmost good-nature.

"You're still like postage-stamps—no use till you're licked," he shouted. "Recess is over; get you back into the school-house." To Gottlieb's astonishment every boy started, and though they played leap-frog going in at the door they leaped in and took their seats without a murmur. Mr. Cadwallader shook Gottlieb's hand heartily, ushered him in and seated him with great respect, and then gathered himself to launch out at the boys. He began deliberately but emphatically:

"The ancients used to tell a story about a man

named Sisyphus who got the gods down on him, some-way or other, and was set to work by them rolling a big round stone up a hill. So for all the ages he tugged and pushed and sweated, but just as he got it to the top something or other would give it a push and down it would roll to the bottom, Sisyphus running frantically after it and beginning his work all over again.

“There wasn’t any such man as Sisyphus. This story is a fable, but it was a mighty cute one. By Sisyphus the Greeks meant the schoolmaster, and his stone that almost gets to the top and then disappoints him is the schoolmaster’s work in trying to make anything out of such boys and girls as you are.

“Now I’ve been here six weeks, and I was just getting encouraged.

“You never saw [turning to Gottlieb] a better lot of scholars to work, or any quicker to mind, or any more grateful for the outside things I do for them. We’re just a happy little family here. We had a debate before recess, and closed up with a rousing old song, and when the boys went out, full of vim and enthusiasm for the school, I felt proud—for you and for myself, too [turning to the boys again].

“In just four seconds my pride got a tumble. There you were—you boys that had just voted that a republican form of government was preferable to a monarchical because it gave a man at once more freedom and more protection—there you were pummelling and preparing to rob a stranger, like a crowd of street Arabs. Maybe you’d like to know who that stranger is. Then you just listen, and then hide your heads

and brand it down deep into your hearts that the rest of your lives you will never get caught in such a scurvy trick again.

“Two months ago, I came over the hill to Constantinople, absolutely starving. I hadn’t slept in a bed for two weeks, or eaten a meal in forty-eight hours. I happened to meet this stranger, and someway,—I don’t know how; I didn’t think I could ever do such a thing—I told him about it. What do you suppose he did?”

“Well, I’ll tell you what he did. He first took me to the hotel, and he gave me the biggest dinner I ever ate in my life. Then when he had got my body warmed, he began to take the chill out of my heart. I had been very unlucky for a few weeks, and I was discouraged and chicken-hearted. He got me to tell him about myself, he cheered me up, he advised me to try and get a certificate so that I could take this school, and he insisted on lending me the money to buy an overcoat and a new pair of boots. In short, he made a man of me again, although he had never seen or heard of me before. And now, when he comes here to visit me and see how I am getting along, what greeting does he get from you boys? What have you got to say for yourselves? Speak!”

The biggest boy in school got up, blubbering.

“M-mister President!” he gulped out.

“Mr. SMike has the floor,” returned the teacher, with parliamentary dignity.

“Mr. President,” continued the young orator, whom Gottlieb recognized as the ring-leader in the attack upon him and the first one knocked down by Contents Cadwallader—“Mr. President, I move you sir that it is

the sense of this body that we have made a set of darned fools of ourselves."

"I move to amend by adding that if we ever do it again may we be blowed," interrupted another.

"And that we ax his pardon," added a third.

"I accept both amendments," said Mr. Smike.

"And I second the motion," said another.

"You hear the motion of Mr. Smike as amended and seconded," the teacher announced. "Are you ready for the question?"

"Question! question!" called the boys triumphantly and Gottlieb got some light as to the nature of the noise he had heard at a distance.

"Those in favor will signify it by saying 'Ay.'"

"Ay," shouted every scholar in the school, and a score of fists, some of them female, emphasized the vote upon the desks.

"Contrary minds."

Dead silence.

"It is a unanimous vote, and does you credit, boys," said Mr. Cadwallader. "I knew you didn't mean any thing wrong, but you hadn't been taught better. We have to take these things one at a time, and I don't believe that you'll ever make that mistake again.—First class in arithmetic."

Instantly books were out and eyes fixed on them. Contents made his work periods short, but he made them periods of work. Gottlieb was astonished at the zest with which teacher and scholars alike seemed to enter into everything.

Contents was evidently in his element. He abounded in that sort of pervasive humor which it is the admira-

tion and delight of a sluggish mind to come into contact with, and he had at tongue's end a score of anecdotes and illustrations for every subject, which he wove into his instruction with personal applications at once shrewd and kind.

When one of the girls hesitated over the definition of division, he told her she always seemed to like to practise it, especially when another girl owned the apple. When a boy gave 160 as the number of rods in a furlong, Contents suggested that probably he was best acquainted with the kind of rod that made its victim an acher. To a mite of a girl who could not count above twenty-five, he said he supposed it was an incapacity of sex: a healthy man of fair ability would add ten years to his age while his married sister was adding one. He told a pupil who persisted in omitting the $\frac{1}{4}$ at the end of the 365 days in a year that no boy who ever fired a cracker ought to forget that every year had a Fourth of July. To a boy who had failed to learn the abbreviations "gi., pt., qt., gal.," he related the tormenting experience of the young man from the country who had come to the city with his sweet-heart, and found a store which advertised "Ice Cream, one dollar per gal."

"Well," he said, walking in, "that's a pretty steep picnic, but, Maria, I'll see you through if I bust. Waiter, here's a dollar; ice cream for this gal."

In geography, somebody gave Providence as the capital of Rhode Island. "Always remember that Rhode Island has two capitals, one for the Rhode, and one for the Island," said Contents, stepping to the board: "You wouldn't write 'Rhode island,' or 'rhode

Island,' would you?'' Then he told about the boy who said Rhode Island was the only State in the Union that was the smallest; and about two gentlemen who wanted to fight a duel in Rhode Island, but were forbidden by an officer under local law. One of them exclaimed in great indignation, "Never mind, Colonel, you step over into Connecticut, and I'll step over into Massachusetts, and we'll shoot right over his confounded little State;" and about the Governor of Rhode Island sending a Thanksgiving turkey to the Governor of Connecticut, whereat the former state rose three feet out of the sea.

Some question arising as to latitude and longitude, he told of a stupid fellow who pondered over the lines on the map in great perplexity. "I see where these lines come on the Atlantic ocean," he said, "for I've often heard that Brittania ruled the wave; but she seems to have ruled the land, too." Then he added the story of a boy who saw a long narrow black cloud stretching across the heaven, and exclaimed: "Say, Jim, see there; that's the equator, I bet!"

The class failing to keep in mind the distinction of zones, he told of the young lady from Boston who said she wouldn't like to freeze at the north pole or broil at the south pole, but would prefer a happy mejum and would enjoy living at the equator.

In grammar, the class could not explain the difference between the present and the future senses of the same form of the present tense. So he related how a man entered a crowded car, and after seeking in vain for a seat exclaimed: "Why, this car isn't going!" Everybody got out, and he appropriated the first vacant seat.

Just then the train started, and when the passengers came back, fuming with indignation, they attacked him. "You said this car was not going!" "Well, it wasn't then," he replied, "but it is now."

Mr. Cadwallader's supply of these anecdotes seemed inexhaustable, and always just fitted to the occasion. His recitations were therefore not only interesting, but exceedingly profitable; for what fixes a nice point in one's mind so firmly as an apt story?

Gottlieb was delighted, and urged Contents to come and visit him at Constantinople. Contents came, he saw Polly Granger, and he was conquered. The village was five miles away, but thereafter he attended church there with unvarying regularity, and at least two nights a week he greased his heavy boots and plowed through the snow to Deacon Granger's. The deacon conceived an instant liking for him. His frankness, his blunt sincerity, his exhaustless good-humor made him an agreeable companion; and though Jeremiah Slack sneered at him and Polly snubbed him, everybody else learned to welcome him. As Mrs. Gulliver expressed it, his presence raised the spirits of an entire party about ten degrees, and he was voted to be a social acquisition to the village.

But though he had quick wit and ready tongue and warm heart for everybody, Contents Cadwallader had eyes only for Polly Granger. In this devotion his manner was as frank as in everything else, and presented a striking contrast to the sneaking adherence, half tyrannical, half servile, of Jeremiah Slack. There were those who thought they saw under Polly's curt indifference to his attentions a constant mental com-

parison of him with Jerry, which could result only to the latter's disadvantage. But the problem was more complicated than usual to the village gossips, because one element present baffled all their conjectures. Was Gottlieb himself in love with Polly? Nobody could tell, but many thought that if he was, his persistence, his rising reputation in the village, and Deacon Granger's staunch favor would make him the most formidable of the rivals.

Meanwhile, Polly tossed her head, and invariably chose the arm of Jeremiah Slack.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

On the Sunday afternoon before the close of the winter term of the district school, Gottlieb found Polly Granger alone in the parlor.

"Polly," he said, seating himself for a serious talk, "Polly, why for you nefer do or say vas you mean?"

Polly willingly laid aside her book. Gottlieb's conversation was never wearisome, and could not fail to be agreeable if it was about herself.

"I thought I had the reputation of being quite too ready to say what I mean," she replied, saucily.

"You haf de reputation to do it always, put you haf de consciousness to do it nefer," returned Gottlieb, nodding his chin and looking her straight in the eye. "What do you mean?"

"Dees. You lif de life of one trifier. You take no ting in earnest. All moost be grotesque. De pig und de leetle, de high und de low, de vulgar und de holy, all haf from you de same bantering indeeference."

Perhaps no other person living could have said just that to Polly Granger. Gottlieb's words probed like the surgeon's lancet, but they were uttered with the surgeon's skill and with more than the surgeon's sympathy. Polly opened her heart to him.

"I know it," she sobbed; "I am the unhappiest girl in the world."

“So I tink,” said Gottlieb, calmly; “de girl of eighteen mitout earnestness, mitout purpose, mitout pelief, pe de saddest creature dot de sun shone on.”

“But what earnestness, what purpose, what belief are possible to me?” cried Polly, passionately. “Look at my father: a truer, nobler, more generous man never lived, and yet every hand and every tongue are against him, and every scheme he ever undertook miscarried. Look at my mother. You have lived in our family till I may speak freely, for you know all and more than I could tell you. What has she ever done to make any one else happy? Whose comfort did she ever consult but her own? On whom has she the slightest claim of gratitude? and yet she has everything her narrow mind allows her to wish for. From her own stand-point her life has been a complete success. From his stand-point, my father’s life is an utter failure. Which deserved to succeed? which ought to have failed? Tell me that, and then look at them, and tell me if sarcasm is not my birthright.”

“You moost not forget she pe your mooter,” interposed Gottlieb, as Polly paused.

“I do not forget that she is my mother. Everything but that I can forgive her. O, Gottlieb, I am not so heartless as I seem. You do not know how I have longed to love my mother. But she never seemed to have even the instinct of affection for me. When I was an infant she never nursed me or cared for me. When I was clean and smiling she would occasionally amuse herself with me or display me to her friends, but the moment I became troublesome she turned me over to

the hired girl. As long ago as I can remember I had learned I was sometimes to be caressed and sometimes to be repulsed, according to her mood. I was called a spoiled child, but from my earliest recollection I knew that while my father indulged me because his love was stronger than his judgment, my mother left me to myself from selfish indifference.

“I do not believe in all that is said of the ingratitude of children. There are children who have nothing to be grateful for. They did not ask to be born, and it was no blessing to be born, and then neglected by parents who shirked their responsibilities. The mother has every advantage. Her babe is taught by instinct to cling to her, and is for years clearly dependent upon her. It trusts her and clings to her. Whose is the fault, that as it grows older its little soul is shaken to see that mother capricious, selfish, untruthful, neglectful, unjust, perhaps angry and revengeful? To deserve the love due a mother, she must be a mother. My mother has wronged me most in that she has robbed the word of its meaning. How have I envied my companions when they deferred some decision ‘till they could go home and talk it over with Mother.’ I have no home, no mother, no friend.” And Polly sobbed convulsively.

“You haf mooch right in vas you say,” replied Gottlieb kindly, “but you haf not all right. Ve see clear vas pelong to us; ve see not so clear vas pelong from us. Some teeng you like you haf not. It ees sad; I pe sorry for you. Someteeng you haf das almost all haf not,—health, strength, veelth, peauty, ein father aple to to for you almost all hees loving heart prompt,

and who you pe prout to say 'He pe mein father.' All dees, und more you haf. Now vas to you of your duty to dees father, and to yourself? Haf you not tink some time 'Hees life pe not pleasant here; I vill pe eine tochter so kint, so true, so vorthy, das he may pe happy in me und forget de rest? I will not pe absorb in myself und my trouple. I vill tink of all dose apout me, und eef I moost pe oonhappy, at least I will make somebody else more happy for me.' "

"It is easy to say this, Gottlieb," replied Polly, sadly, "but oh! so hard to do it. I know I am selfish, and I have tried, sometimes, to make home pleasanter and my father happier. But there again my mother is sure to interfere and my father to yield to her, and I feel as though I had only made him more uncomfortable.

"You see," she continued, thoughtfully, "I haven't the knack of getting on with people. If I know a thing is hollow within, I can not talk pretty things about the surface. I suppose that is why I have no intimate friends. I can't tell my real thoughts to a girl whose mind is divided between the young fellow who went home with her last Sunday, and the bonnet she is going to wear to-day. So I have got into the habit of talking persiflage; and I am surprised myself to see how frivolous talk leads to frivolous action and frivolous thought. I haven't spoken in a year as I have spoken to you this afternoon, and I know this talk has started a current of serious thought that will make me a better girl."

"You can prove dot to me," said Gottlieb significantly."

“How?”

“By not lower yourself no more to go mit Meester Slack.”

Polly sprang to her feet, white with passion. “You! you too!” she hissed; “are you like the rest? Must you be so greedy for my father’s money that you affect sympathy for me and win my confidence, only to act as a spy, a traitor to me, and use your influence for your own selfish purposes? I know why you staid here all winter, Gottlieb Krottenthaler. I know why you boarded at this house; why you have insinuated yourself into my father’s trust and good-will; why—shame on me that I was so easily cajoled—you have worked on my feelings this afternoon. You want to be my father’s son-in-law. You want his farms, his bonds, his money. You do not love me. I am glad to speak first and save you from perjuring yourself. And you shall never have me. I know you have won over my father, for you have played your game as shrewdly as you have calmly and dispassionately. But, mark my words, you shall never have me; never; never!”

And she strode proudly from the room.

But Gottlieb smiled softly.

* * * * *

That evening, Contents Cadwallader came over to tea. Though he was an invited guest, Polly refused to appear, nor did she come down stairs till church-time, when Jerry Slack called for her. Even then she refused to go into the parlor, where Gottlieb and Contents were sitting, but marched off majestically.

As Contents rose to follow the ill-assorted couple, Gottlieb stopped him.

"Suppose we not go to-night," he said; "I haf teeng to say to you."

Contents sat down rather reluctantly, and Gottlieb went on:

"Vas you tink? Pe we not two fools?"

"Fools? what for?"

"To lofe dot girl."

"Speak for yourself. I love her, and I don't think I am a fool for it. Besides I should keep on loving her just the same if I knew I was a fool for it."

"How pe dot?"

"I don't know. The moment I saw her I loved her, and I have loved her ever since. The very thought of being with her intoxicates me. At this moment, for the sake of being where she is and looking at her, I had rather be in church, snubbed by her, and obliged to see that detestable Slack ogle her, than even to sit here in confidential talk with you, the best friend I have in the world. There isn't any reason for it. It is so; that is all."

"But dot pe silly."

"Very likely. I merely state a fact. I don't account for it or apologize for it."

"But vas can come mit it? She geef you no attention, she go eferyvere mit Meester Slack, it look dot sometime she marry him. Vas you do den?"

"I don't allow myself to think of that. While there's life there's hope, and until she is Mrs. Slack, I shall never give up trying to make her Mrs. Cadwallader."

"Put vy you vant her for Meesis Cadvallader? See you not she pe selfish, rude, oonladylike?"

“It may be so, though I had rather you wouldn’t say it,” replied Contents, thoughtfully, “but it doesn’t make any difference.”

“Do you know?” he added, after a moment’s pause, “I have learned that I am not the first to love without apparent reason.”

“Who else haf done it?” asked Gottlieb, with amused curiosity.

“Why when I got my certificate from Commissioner Hume,” said Contents, “he said that he should call on me before the close of the term, and should expect me to know something of the elements of physics, and to be able to converse intelligently about two plays of Shakspeare that he named. I read those plays and some others, and was astonished to find myself interested. One night I had read till I was tired, and was looking idly over the last pages of the book when I found these verses among the sonnets:

“ ‘In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But ’tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue’s tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone;
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart’s slave and vassal wretch to be.’

“Now, if Shakspeare was as silly as that over such a mistress as his, I have nothing to be ashamed of in my love for Polly.

“In fact, Gottlieb,” and Contents spoke with confidential conviction, “I believe it’s a pretty good test of love to love the very faults. Anybody can admire excellencies, but the lover loves the woman as she is, faults and all. The painter might find a score of imperfections in her face, but what cares the lover? It is not her individual features that are dear to him, but it is her face. So her character may have a thousand faults, but they make her what she is, and he would not have her otherwise.”

“Den you vould encourich und develop her faults after you marry, I suppose, so you make her individuality more deestinck?” suggested Gottlieb.

“No,” said Contents, “I would love her so truly and heartily and manfully that she could not help being worthy of it, and together we would grow dearer to each other as we grew older and stronger and better. If I loved a pretty face, or a pleasant voice, or a kind heart, I might be disappointed; but I love Polly Granger, and if she is ever mine it shall be my fault if I do not every day love her better and with better reason.”

“Contents, you pe ein true man, and werty mit any woman,” said Gottlieb; “I vill help you all I can, dot Polly pe your vife.”

“You will help me?” cried Contents, starting up with beaming countenance; “you will help me? Why, don’t you want her for yourself?”

“She tole me dees afternoon she vould not haf me,” replied Gottlieb, casting down his eyes with humility.

“O, I didn’t know you had got that far,” said Contents, with a surprised whistle. “Never mind, let’s get over to the church before meeting is out.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TERM AND THE STORY END TOGETHER.

Jerry Slack's winter term closed with an exhibition. Winter terms in Constantinople always closed with an exhibition, and the people flocked to the school-house on that afternoon as unanimously as they staid away all the rest of the year. In fact, the exhibition was an Institution in that region, and like other institutions it had certain stereotyped features.

For instance, it always began with a prayer from the Rev. Ollapod Gulliver, and it always ended with a speech from that gentleman, pointing out the inestimable benefits of a free common school. Between this prologue and epilogue, the drama consisted of five sets of three or four recitations and declamations, interspersed with music of some kind or other, and terminating with a present of an autograph album to the teacher, and congratulatory remarks from any citizen present who happened to have political aspirations.

Nor was there much variety in details. The Boy always stood on the Burning Deck, while a Soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers, and Sheridan was Twenty Miles Away. Friends, Romans and Countrymen lent him their ears, although He came not there to Talk, for they called him Chief and did well to call him Chief who for a dozen years had been annually

personated by the most chicken-breasted boy in school.

The girls were no better. They braided their hair and wore pantalettes and swayed to and fro, occasionally sucking a finger between the stanzas as they assured the audience that at Midnight, in his Guarded Tent, the Turk lay dreaming, Life was Real, Life was Earnest, and if they chanced to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, a Voice replied, far up the Height, Mrs. Bardell, gentlemen, was a Widow; yes, gentlemen, a Widow.

But silly and inappropriate and ineffably weak as the thread-bare selections were rendered, they pleased the people. In a sleepy country hamlet the performance seemed in its way dramatic, and as you and I take a new pleasure in hearing *Fatinitza* if we happen to spend Sunday at the same hotel with the opera troupe and get on chatting terms with *Kantchukoff* and *Izzet Pasha* and *Imanvona*, so the villagers listened with a sort of wondering amazement to see *Tommy Brown* who was spanked yesterday for stealing sugar, declare that he knew not what others might say, but as for him, give him liberty or give him death, while *Molly Tweddle*, who generally displays her stocking down at the heel, calls to bold *Charlie Macree* to come over, come over the river to she.

Of course any institution so thoroughly established depended very little upon the general success of the school. For instance, matters couldn't have gone much worse than during the past winter: in fact it was hinted that *Jerry* was able to stay in school at all only because three of the ugliest boys had taken a fancy to him as a fourth hand at euchre, and preferred to keep

him in the village. Only two days before, he had aroused intense indignation by whipping a little boy unmercifully after school, and there was talk of a warrant against him: though the village lawyer advised the father, a poor man, not to go to law, as the jury always sided with the teacher.

But now that the last day had come, all this was forgotten, and for the afternoon Jerry was the biggest man in the village. He really had little to arrange except to let the scholars do over again what they had done the year before, but he made a good deal of bustle about it, and he really felt an approach to honest pride as he saw the room crowded with visitors to the school of which he was the master.

But he had other sources of gratification. One of them was, that he had persuaded Gottlieb to make a fool of himself. He had induced him to take for his selection,

“ ‘ Will you walk into my parlor?’ said the spider to the fly,”

and he had drilled him with a sort of fiendish ingenuity in the most outrageous of accents and gestures. Poor, simple Gottlieb had followed his instructions implicitly, and at his last rehearsal he certainly offered a spectacle to move the world to consuming laughter.

“ You tink I haf dot right, Meester Slack?” he asked anxiously.

“ Daniel Webster himself couldn’t do it better,” Jerry replied, nursing his chuckles till he could explode with his comrades; and he put the piece at the very end of the programme, just before the presenta-

tion to himself of the customary autograph album. When the afternoon came, he was at first provoked that Gottlieb insisted on wearing his old blue army overcoat to his seat, and, being puffed up with his victory in the whipping-case and his importance on this occasion, he might have ventured to insist, and tried again to bully Gottlieb. But he happened to think that the blue army overcoat was the one touch needed to make Gottlieb utterly ridiculous, with his

“ Pretty fly, pretty fly; ”

so he let him have his own way, and passed the word around among the boys to be ready for fun when Gottlieb was called for.

The exercises went off about as usual, and the audience took everything good-naturedly. It was a fine audience, too, for Constantinople. Besides the citizens, many had gathered from other parts of the county. Contents Cadwallader was there, of course, and so was Assemblyman Granger, from Scotia, and Judge Leach from Norway, who brought with him Miss Mary Lowe, preceptress of the high school there. It had been expected that Commissioner Hume would be present, but he sent a politely-worded excuse, and on the whole Jerry was quite as well satisfied to have him away.

Everything moved so smoothly that Jerry became quite pompous, and began to believe he was a better teacher than he had supposed himself. When he came to call Gottlieb, he had a momentary compunction that was almost relenting. For the moment, unexpected success often inspires unexpected virtue. But

only for the moment. When he looked at Gottlieb, all his rancour returned, and he winked at his comrades maliciously as he announced:

“ We always keep our best to the last. The final declamation will be ‘ The Spider and the Fly,’ by Gottlieb Krottenthaler.”

Sure enough, Gottlieb kept on his old blue army overcoat as he walked forward to the platform. But when he got there, he took it off, and displayed a well-fitting suit beneath. Then he ran his fingers through his hair, and showed a forehead that the milk-bowl style of barbering had concealed; and while Jerry Slack stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment, he spoke his little piece as follows:

“ My friends I have heard considerable regret expressed this afternoon because Commissioner Hume is not present. But Commissioner Hume is present. I AM COMMISSIONER HUME!”

To say that in that school-room you could for an instant have heard a pin drop, would not be strictly accurate; not to say that you could have heard it strike the floor after it got through dropping would be absolutely true. Roderick waited. He saw Polly Granger flush and hide her face. He saw Jerry Slack’s under-jaw fall and his eye trace out a path to the door.

When the people had recovered from the shock of his announcement, and were looking at one another, ready to begin buzzing about it, Roderick went on:

“ When I had the honor to be elected commissioner, I knew nothing whatever of country schools. I had never attended one, I had never taught one, I had hardly ever visited one. I knew that if I began my

round of visits in an official way, most teachers and pupils would be at once put on parade, and I should have little opportunity to become acquainted with the real working of the schools.

“ So I came to this town, isolated both by position and by trade from the rest of my district, in disguise, and in disguise I have attended school here almost an entire term, and have visited every school in the township, some of them two or three times. On Saturdays you understood that I went away to buy goods. In fact that has been my office-day at Norway, and all my examinations and correspondence have been conducted there. On the whole, I do not think I could have spent my time more profitably.

“ Now you would like to know what I have observed about your school. Well, in the first place you have had no school at all, and you will not draw one cent of public money for these thirteen weeks. This is because Mr. Slack is not a ‘qualified teacher’; he holds no teacher’s certificate.”

“ I beg your pardon,” said Deacon Granger, “ but I have his certificate signed by you in my pocket. He was to have received his pay for the term’s work after school to-night, and I told him he must show me the certificate before he got the money. He handed it to me at recess.”

“ Yes, after he heard I was not coming. Sheriff, be kind enough to stop him and hold him in custody [for Jerry was edging toward the door]. The question of forgery will come later; just now this warrant is enough to hold him. It charges him with assault and battery on Willie White. As he was not a legal teacher

at the time he punished the boy, he had no right whatever to touch him, and no court can refuse to sentence him. Of course he can draw no wages for this term's work, as Deacon Granger cannot pay him a dollar of the district's money. I have here a series of misspelled letters, the last dated I observe, later than this alleged certificate, in which he begs for a certificate and tries to evade an examination. They will be sufficient to prove that my name on the certificate is forged."

As the sheriff led him away amidst general execration, Polly Granger cast a glance at Jerry that made him quite ready to go. Then she looked Roderick full in the eye.

"Is there one word I can say to excuse myself?" she asked; "have you one atom of respect for me?"

"I can best answer that," replied Roderick, "by saying that I think you worthy to be the wife of the best friend I have in the world," and he brought Contents to the front. "I shouldn't yield you to him so readily if this little woman had not a prior claim upon me," he added, and he introduced Mary Lowe.

Polly never could discover how it was that when she ought to be so humiliated and miserable, she was made so happy, that afternoon. Nor was it till three years later, when Roderick Cadwallader was two months old, that she whispered to her happy husband:

"To tell the truth, Con., I knew I loved you best of the three, but O, how wilful I used to be!"

Bardeen's Roderick Hume.

The Story of a New York Teacher. Pp. 319. Cloth, \$1.25; manilla, 50 cts. This is one of the 22 best books for teachers recommended by Chancellor W. H. Payne in the *New England Journal of Education* for Nov., 1893. It is also one of the books described by W. M. Griswold in his "A Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with American Country Life."

Roderick Hume took possession of me, and the book was finished in one sitting that lasted beyond the smallest hour. I have joined the crowd in your triumphal procession. The characters are as truly painted as any in Dickens, and the moral is something that cannot be dodged.—Professor *Edward North*, Hamilton College.

My confinement at home gave me an opportunity to read it carefully, which I have done with great delight. I can certify that it is true to life. I have had experience in country and village schools as well as in the schools of the cities. The picture is true for all of them. I know too well how self-interest, jealousy, prejudice, and the whole host of meaner motives are likely to prevail in the management of school affairs anywhere. That the people should know this and yet entrust the management of their schools to men who are most likely to be influenced by personal considerations is strange indeed.—My memory brings to mind an original for every portrait you have drawn.—*Andrew J. Rickoff*, former Sup't of Schools, Cleveland, O.

Teachers cannot fail to be greatly benefited by the reading of the book. Roderick's address to his pupils is a compendium of the best points in the highest kind of school management. Miss Duzenberrie's victory and Vic Blarston's closing remarks ought to teach lessons of warning to many teachers who are even the most in earnest about their work. Mary Lowe is a beautiful model of a teacher, and no one will be surprised that Roderick should make her his helpmate instead of his assistant. It is a capital story, and we recommend it strongly to every Canadian teacher. Each one should get a copy for himself, as he will wish to read it more than once.—Inspector *James L. Hughes*, in *Canadian School Journal*.

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C. W. BARDEEN, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

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